

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



Counteract Acidity
By drinking

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER

with your spirits or
at your meals.



TRADE MARK

Motorists!

DIRSOF

THE NEW NON-SCRATCH CREAM OF CLEANERS

takes grease from your hands
and tar from your car in no time

SQUARE 6d BOTTLE Sold Everywhere. RONUK LTD., PORTSLADE. PINT 1/3 BOTTLE

TENNENT'S

Established
1745



Originally
Founded
1556.

BRITISH LAGER

J. & R. Tennent, Ltd., Wellpark Brewery, Glasgow.

THE LARGEST EXPORTERS OF BRITISH BOTTLED BEERS.

ST. MORITZ

Engadine, Switzerland (6,000 ft. altitude).

Golf Championships

(18 and 9 holes Links).

4 International Lawn Tennis Matches.

TROUT FISHING.

RIDING—SWIMMING—MOUNTAIN CLIMBING.

All Roads Open to Motor Cars.

The Big Five:

THE GRAND HOTEL
THE KULM HOTELS
THE SUVRETTA
THE PALACE
THE CARLTON



HEDGES and BUTLER'S

VERY CHOICE WINES

153, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Branches: Brighton and Bournemouth.

Est. A.D. 1667.

WINE LISTS
ON
APPLICATION



OBTAINABLE EVERYWHERE

HENNESSY

LIQUEUR XO BRANDY

GUARANTEED OVER 40 YEARS OLD

THE BRANDY THAT MADE COGNAC FAMOUS

SEAGER'S GIN

THE SHAKER'S
SECRET

DEAFNESS DEFEATED!

BY NEW PRACTICALLY INVISIBLE METHOD

Backed by Unique Service and Guarantee

Mr. R. H. Dent has established the world's greatest organisation in the service of the deaf, where those seeking hearing can get it and those who have found hearing through "ARDENTE" may always receive help. Users report the new **NATURELLE Ear & Nose Shade** "ARDENTE" WAIST BUTTON gives **TRUE-TO-TONE** hearing to the "hard-of-hearing" or acutely deaf head noises from various angles—conversation, music, church, wireless, sport, shopping, etc.—removing once and for all the isolating handicap. Endorsed, by the leading Aurists, and used by many Deaf Doctors, Social Leaders, Church Dignitaries, Business Men, etc., in all parts of the world. Entirely different from all else, uncopyable and guaranteed inconspicuous for men and women in day, evening or sports clothes. **CALL OR WRITE. NO CONSULTATION FEE. FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED.**

309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. Phone: Mayfair 1880/1718.
Midway between Oxford Circus and Bond Street/.

206, Sauchiehall Street, GLASGOW.
27, King Street, MANCHESTER.
118, New Street, BIRMINGHAM.
37, Jameson Street, HULL.
271, High Street, EXETER.
53, Lord Street, LIVERPOOL.

9, Duke Street, CARDIFF.
23, Blackett Street, NEWCASTLE.
111, Princes Street, EDINBURGH.
64, Park Street, BUSTOL.
97, Grafton Street, DUBLIN.
30, Wellington Place, BELFAST.

MR. R. DENT'S
ARDENTE
FOR DEAF EARS

Yorkshire 9D Relish

The most Delicious Sauce in the World
GOODALL, BACKHOUSE & CO., LEEDS

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.



LLOYD TRIESTINO

GRAND EXPRESS

EUROPE - EGYPT

(Via Venice - Trieste)

by the

WHITE ARROW OF THE MEDITERRANEAN

New De Luxe



VICTORIA

The World's Quickest Motor Vessel.

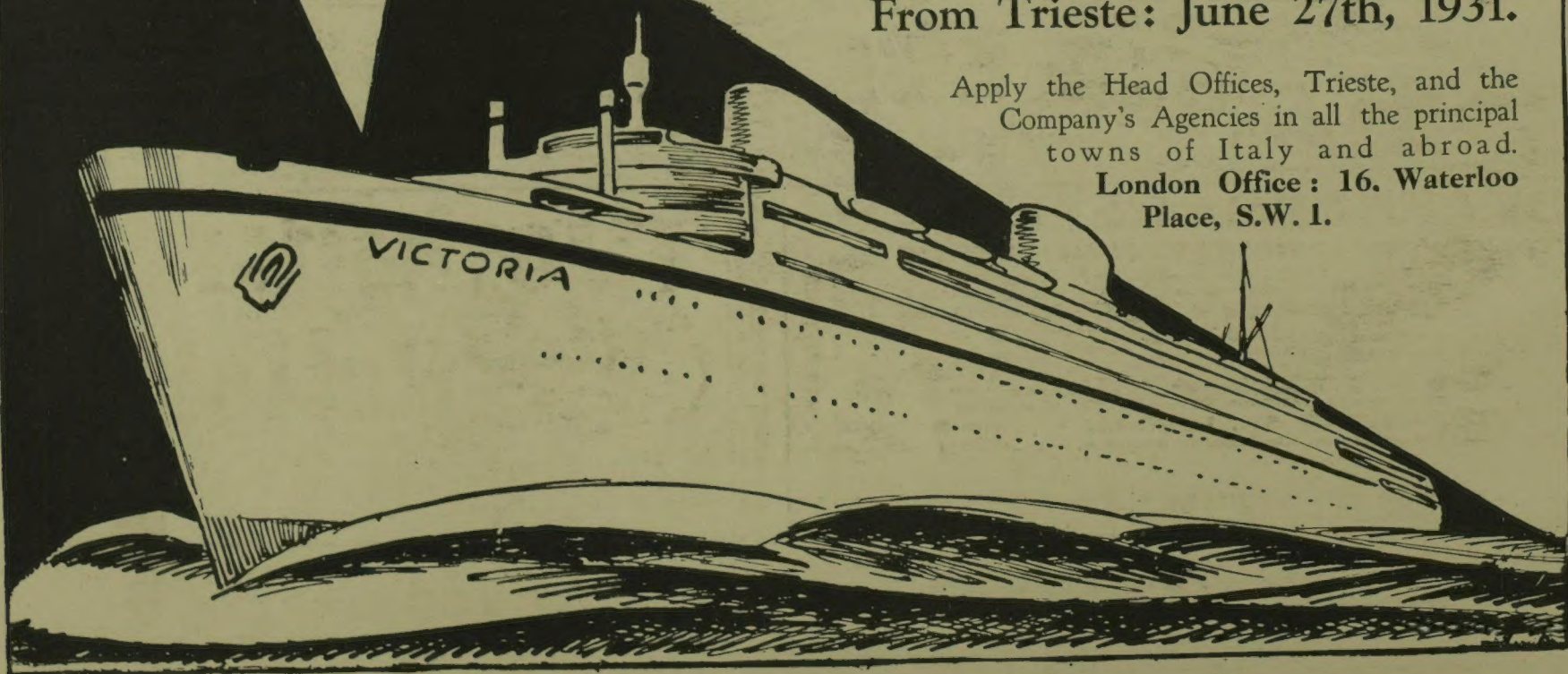
LONDON - ALEXANDRIA 90 HOURS.

MAIDEN VOYAGE

From Trieste: June 27th, 1931.

Apply the Head Offices, Trieste, and the
Company's Agencies in all the principal
towns of Italy and abroad.

**London Office: 16, Waterloo
Place, S.W. 1.**



THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1931.



CHALIAPIN AS DON QUIXOTE: THE GREAT RUSSIAN SINGER AND ACTOR IN MASSENET'S "DON QUIXOTTE," IN THE FIFTH ACT OF WHICH HE APPEARED AT THE GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE LYCEUM.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that the appearance of Chaliapin at the Lyceum Theatre has been the outstanding musical event of the season. The great Russian bass singer and actor has lost none of his magnetism, and has drawn audiences as enthusiastic, and rightly as enthusiastic, as ever. The evening of June 23 was of particular moment; for at the Gala Performance on that date Chaliapin was seen in the fifth act of Massenet's "Don Quichotte," then presented in England for the first time. For the rest, it is of interest to recall that Fedor Ivanovitch Chaliapin was born at Kazan on February 1,

1873. As boy and youth, he was apprentice to a shoemaker, was then a railway clerk, then a railway outside-porter, then a stevedore on Volga steam-boats. His first musical training was as a member of the choir of the Archbishop of Kazan; and at the age of seventeen he joined a Little-Russian touring company as a singer and dancer. His first singing lessons proper were given to him by Oussatov in 1892 at Tiflis, which witnessed his début—in "A Life for the Tsar." He won his first recognised success at Moscow four years later. Since that date he has made operatic history.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE idea of logic is so entirely lost in this phase of philosophical history that even those who invoke it do so rather as the Athenians once invoked the Unknown God or the men of the Dark Ages retained a dim respect for Virgil as a conjurer. The very people who say "be logical" will generally be found to be quite illogical in their own notion of logic. One of the last men who understood logic, in its full and impartial sense, died only lately: William Johnson, of King's College, Cambridge; one of the finest minds of the age and an exact measure of the modern contrast between notability and notoriety. I mean that somehow the glory has departed from glory, and the first men of the time are often the last men to be advertised or even adequately admired. He was as incapable of intellectual injustice as of infanticide; and while he and I differed about a thousand things, even if I had regarded his view as ultimately leading to falsehood, I should always have known that it was free from the faintest tinge of fallacy. If there had been any weed of weak logic in his own argument, he would have torn it up with as much joy as any weed in the garden of the enemy. For he liked that sort of weeding as an amusement and an art; a sort of art for art's sake. And when I wander in the jungle of journalistic nonsense in which we all live to-day, his memory again and again returns.

Let us begin with a trifle that does not matter in the least. He loved to argue about trifles that do not matter in the least. Some journalist the other day shook the foundation of the universe and the British Empire by raising the question of whether a girl ought to smoke a cigar. But what I noted about him, and about the hundred eager correspondents who pursued this great theme, was that they wrote again and again some such sentence, as this: "If you like a girl to smoke a cigarette, why can't you be logical and like her to smoke a cigar?" Now, I do not care an ounce of shag whether she smokes a cigarette or a cigar or a corn-cob pipe or a hubble-bubble, or whether she smokes three cigars at once, or whether she is an Anti-Tobacco Crank. But it is none the less true that when a man writes that sentence telling us to "be logical," he shows that he has never even heard of the nature of logic. He might just as well write: "You like the look of a horse; why don't you be logical and like the look of a hippopotamus?" The only answer is: "Well, I don't"; and it is not illogical, because it does not in any way invade the realm of logic. A man has a perfect right to say that he likes the look of one thing and does not like the look of another thing; or even that he likes the look of a smaller thing, but does not like the look of a larger but somewhat similar thing. It is all a question of liking, and not in the least a question of logic. There is no logical compulsion upon him whatever to go on from the smaller to the larger and like them both. The man who uses this phrase attaches some queer particular meaning to the word "logical"; something that is dimly adumbrated in the words "extremist" or "going the whole hog." But if my appetite is so small that I only require half a hog for breakfast, I am not any less of a logician because I refuse to eat the whole hog for breakfast. The obligation to eat the whole hog, if it exists, must be a mystical or moral or transcendental obligation; but it is not a logical obligation. It is not logical, because it has not been deduced from any premises; it has simply been stated without reference to any premises.

And that is what is the matter with the modern man who says "Be logical." He cannot take his own advice, and therefore he cannot state his own

first principles. But, though his logic is nonsense as he states it, it does refer to some first principles if he could only state them. It all depends on the reason for approving of cigarettes or cigars or girls or any other strange creatures. What he really means, at the back of his muddled, modernistic mind, is something like this: "If I approve of Jennifer smoking a cigarette because Jennifer can jolly well do anything she likes, and does, then it is illogical in me to object to her liking a cigar, or, for that matter, an opium-pipe or a pint of laudanum

in his own mouth or that of his maiden aunt or his maternal grandmother, is stark, staring unreason, and shows that the speaker is entirely illogical in dealing with the two ideas of liking and logic.

This half-superstitious veneration for logic, combined with a complete misunderstanding of it, is very common in those popular works of fiction which are the joy of my existence—the crime novels and the police romances and the rest. There is a queer notion that the detective, who is distinguished from all human beings by having the gift of reason, is bound in logic not to like anything or anybody. Even Sherlock Holmes (the friend of my childhood to whom I shall always pay a tribute of piety) is described somewhere, I think, as being incapable of falling in love because of his logical nature. You might as well say that he could not be expected to have much appetite for lunch because of his proficiency in mathematics. There is nothing intrinsically illogical in having affections or admirations or appetites, so long as we recognise them reasonably as what they are. But the romantic tradition, as it exists in all the romances, is that the logician cannot be romantic. It may be remarked that the word "cold" will always be found coupled with the word "logical"; I imagine the printers keep such words together in one block of type. But the cold logician, though he must not be romantic, is almost entirely a creature of romance. As a matter of fact and experience, most of the very logical people I have known have been very warm-blooded, affectionate, or enthusiastic people. Most of the very good debaters were very warm debaters. Some of the closest reasoners in history were men of the most enthusiastic convictions; like St. Thomas Aquinas, or the great French preachers and orators. The truth is, I think, that it was because the English were originally taught to have a prejudice against logic that, even when they half-overcame the prejudice, there remained something alien in the admiration. They could be brought to feel a sort of awe in the presence of a really reasonable person, as if he were a sort of monster. The fact that a man could think could only be explained on the hypothesis that he was a Martian or the Man in the Moon; that he was a Clockwork Man; that he was The Thinking Machine. They began by thinking that reason is inhuman, and only gradually conceded that it is super-human.

Is it not about time somebody preached the older doctrine, that reason is human? Is there not something to be said for those mediaeval Schoolmen and antiquated sages who held that man is a rational animal, and even more rational than the other animals? The modern experiment of first sneering at logic for not being a practical thing, and then timidly praising it for being a priggish thing, seems to have resulted in the general loss of it as a normal function of the mind. It is as if the same Victorian English had supported their railway-trains by forbidding anybody to walk; and then, when all human limbs were paralysed, had deified two or three athletes as gods because they had the power of walking. Logic is as normal as legs; but legs can be neglected as well as logic. All that is needed is a little ordinary training and practice; the knowledge that inferences rest on their first principles, as men rest on their feet. But without it the world seems to be drifting into an intellectual dissolution and destruction, which is at its very wildest when some wild voice shrieks out of the chaos, "Be logical!" This strange cry apparently means that you cannot stroke a cat without stroking a tiger; or that you are bound to wish the house was on fire because you sit by the fireside.

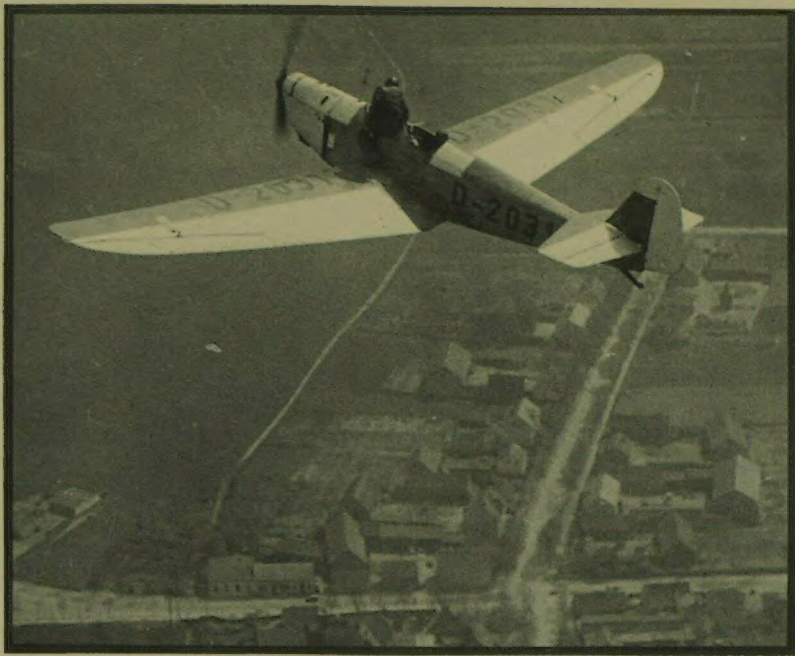


THE SEVENTEENTH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": AN IVORY WHICH IS A SUPREME EXAMPLE OF THE WORK DONE IN THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE DURING THE ELEVENTH AND TWELFTH CENTURIES.

Originally, this ivory was probably mounted on the cover of a liturgical manuscript. In the centre is a bust of St. John the Baptist; two circles above contain busts of St. Philip and St. Stephen; and two below, St. Andrew and St. Thomas. The name of each saint is inscribed in Greek at his side. With the end of the ninth century begins the most brilliant period of purely Byzantine art, and carvings in ivory were produced in great numbers, mainly in Constantinople itself. With the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, in 1453, the history of strictly Byzantine art comes to an end, though its influence was felt throughout Europe for many centuries.

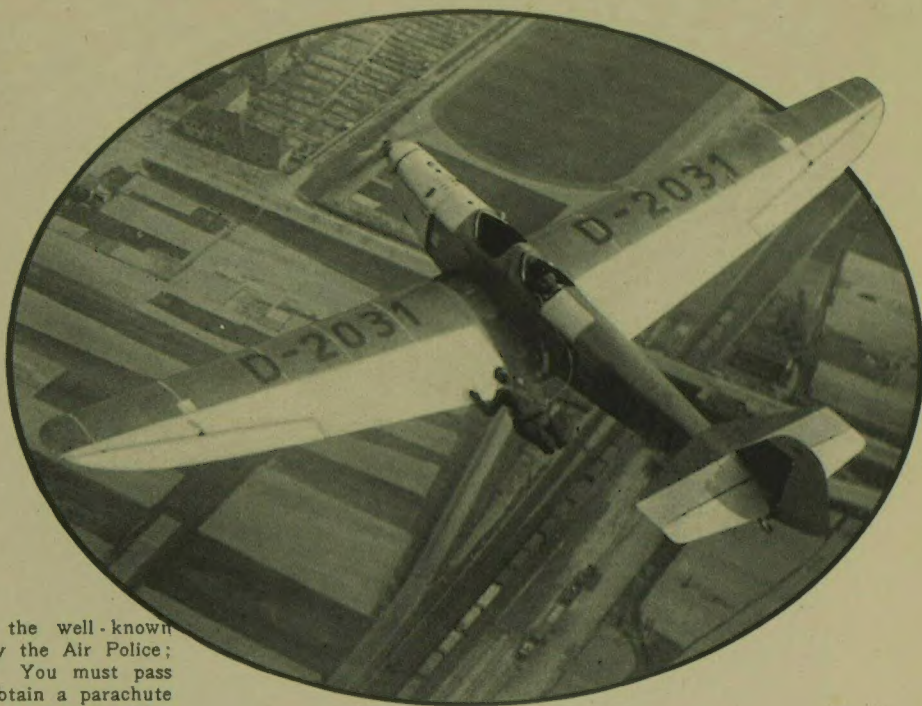
Reproduced by Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. (Crown Copyright Reserved.)

or a bottle of prussic acid." And this statement would really be quite logical, because the logical reason is given. Or if he said: "It is my first principle that women may do anything that men do; therefore I am bound in logic to pass the cigars to my daughter as much as to my son"—then that also is perfectly reasonable as the application of a stated principle. But to say that a man is bound in logic to like a cigar as much as a cigarette, whether



1. "FROM MY PLANE," WRITES WILLI RUGE, "I SAW BOETTCHER LEAVING HIS SEAT AND SCRAMBLING TO A POSITION NEAR THE PILOT."

AMAZING PHOTOGRAPHS OF PARACHUTISTS JUMPING : UNIQUE SNAPSHOTS TAKEN IN MID-AIR.

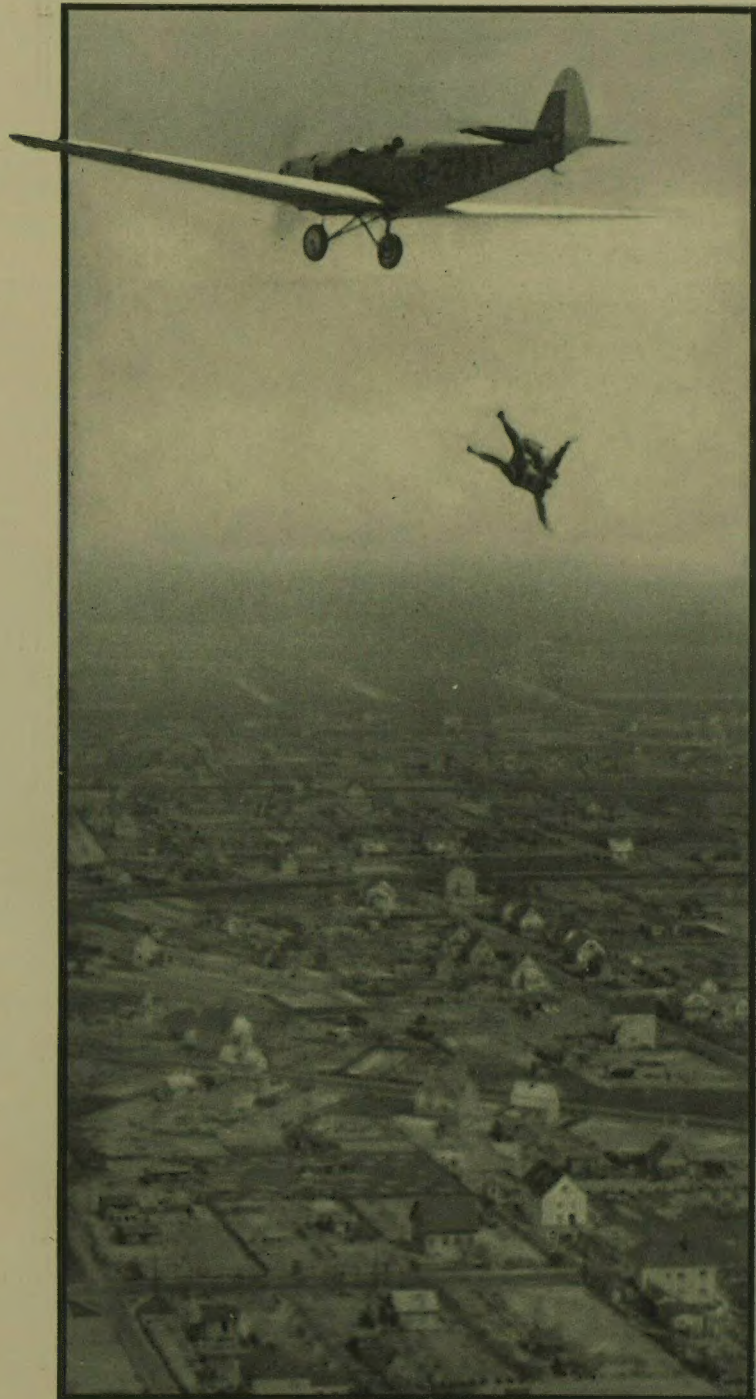


2. "THE MOMENT OF THE JUMP": THE PARACHUTIST (BOETTCHER) FALLING INTO SPACE—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY WILLI RUGE FROM ANOTHER AEROPLANE.

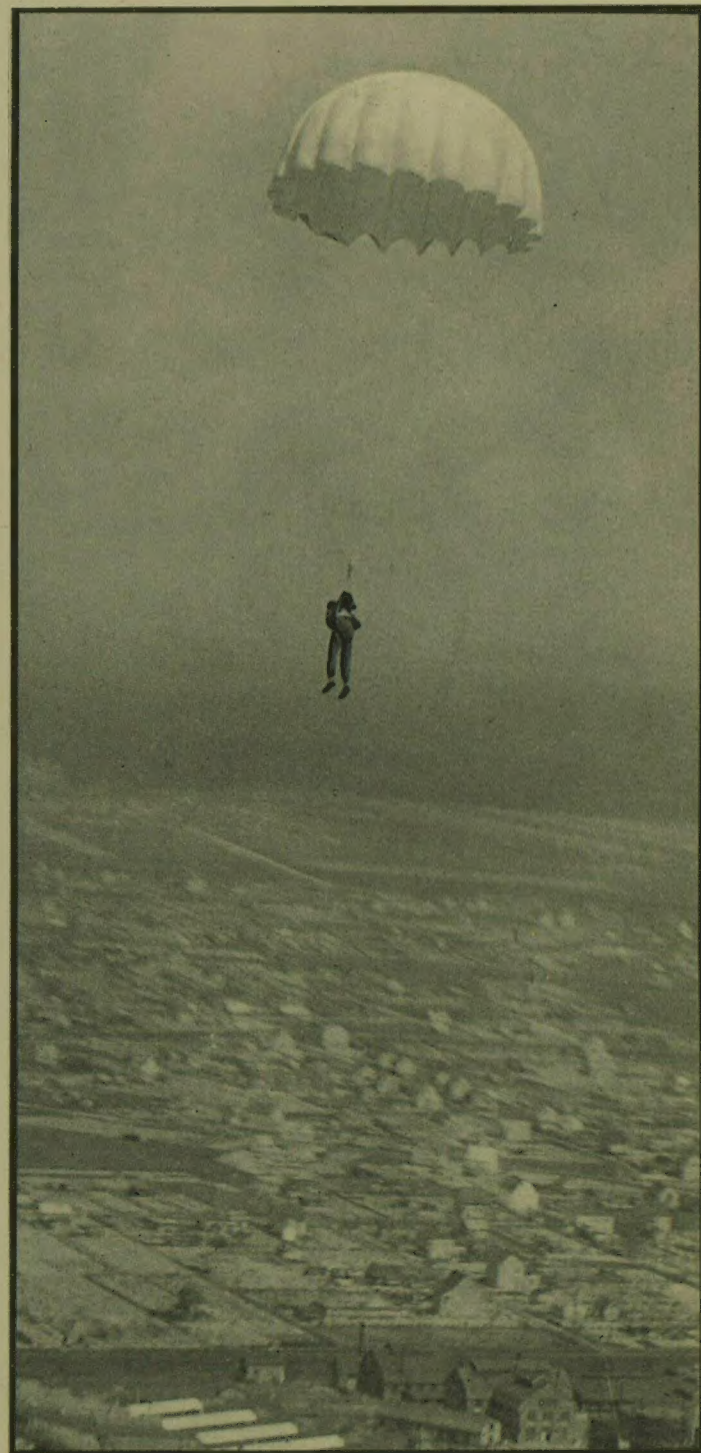
DESCRIBING the unique photographs given here and on succeeding pages, the well-known German parachutist, Herr Willi Ruge, writes: "'Parachute descents?' say the Air Police; 'oh dear no! We cannot allow any Tom, Dick, and Harry to make them. You must pass a proper examination, you must have a parachute of your own, and you must obtain a parachute pilot's licence, and there are quite a lot of other regulations with which you must comply. You had better first step along and try to get a parachute.' So off I went, with my colleague, Boettcher. The Director of the parachute factory listened with interest but a little scepticism to our plan. He did not give his assent until I had assured him that, as an airman of long standing, I possessed sufficient skill in flying. The very same evening, I began the fourteen days' course of instruction, ending in a theoretical examination. Thus all preparations were made for the decisive descent in the presence of the Air Police to obtain from them the pilot's licence for parachute descents. As

a precaution, we kept to ourselves the fact that we entertained the bold idea of taking photographs during the descent, as we feared this might come into conflict with some clause of the regulations. Many days passed ere suitable flying weather supervened. One fine spring morning (on May 6, 1931), blue skies prevailed, but at the same time the wind blew in heavy gusts. We rode out to Staaken, where the aeroplanes were standing in readiness. The officers of the Air Police gave us good advice, which brought home to us the magnitude of our venture. They said: 'Keep an eye up there on the high-voltage overland transmission wires; a few days ago a parachutist was thrown against these wires and killed by shock.' This did not ring quite pleasantly in our ears. Still, we had got so far now that we were compelled to carry through our intention. 'Who will take the first leap?' We left this to Providence, the decision being ascertained by means of the shorter or longer of two matches. The result was that my colleague, Boettcher, had to leap first. After putting on his airman's kit and buckling on the parachute, he climbed into the aeroplane, while I got into the second one, the engines were started, and up we rose into the blue sky of May. The photographic equipment for each parachutist consisted of a small film-camera with automatic release, especially designed by us, while the assistant colleague in the second aeroplane was provided with the usual Press camera. In steep curves the two aeroplanes rose to 500 metres (about 1625 ft.), which is the height laid

[Continued on page 1096.]



3. "TO GIVE THE BEST EFFECT FOR MY COLLEAGUE'S PHOTOGRAPH, I DIVED HEAD-FOREMOST": THE FIRST MOMENT OF WILLI RUGE'S DESCENT BEFORE HIS PARACHUTE OPENED OUT.



4. "AFTER THE FIRST AWFUL MOMENT OF THE LEAP, I HAD THE SENSATION OF BEING SEIZED BY THE COLLAR AND LIFTED UP": WILLI RUGE WITH HIS PARACHUTE FULLY OPENED.

Few photographs possess such thrilling and extraordinary interest as those reproduced here, and on four succeeding pages, taken in mid-air by parachutists. Indeed, those on pages 1094 and 1095, self-portraits of a parachutist during his leap into space, taken by a camera attached to his belt, are the first of their

kind and unique. Herr Willi Ruge, one of the two who performed this pioneer feat, describes his experiences in the article begun above and continued on pages 1096 and 1097. He also took the above photographs of Herr Boettcher making his leap. The two showing Herr Ruge's descent were taken by another colleague.

FALLING PARACHUTISTS SELF-PHOTOGRAPHED DURING DESCENTS: SENSATIONAL SNAPSHOTS MADE BY THE AIRMEN IN MID-AIR.



1. "GO!" THE PILOT (GIVING THE WORD OF COMMAND) PHOTOGRAPHED BY WILLI RUGE IMMEDIATELY BEFORE THE "PAINTER," OR HAND-ROPE (SEEN LYING OVER THE EDGE OF THE COCKPIT), WAS RELEASED, AND HE DIVED HEAD-FIRST INTO SPACE, "GASPING A PRAYER TO HEAVEN."



2. "TO DESCRIBE THE FEELING I HAD WHEN I WAS 'ZOOMING' HEAD-DOWNWARDS TOWARDS THE GROUND IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE": AN AMAZING "SELF-PHOTOGRAPH" OF HERR WILLI RUGE, UPSIDE-DOWN DURING HIS DIVE FROM AN AEROPLANE INTO SPACE.

Describing the methods adopted for taking the self-photographs, Herr Willi Ruge writes: "The small cameras work almost automatically. We only had to wind up the spring and start the cameras shortly before we jumped. The mechanism was geared down to expose one photograph per second. The cameras



3. THE FIRST "SELF-PHOTOGRAPH" EVER TAKEN BY A PARACHUTIST AT THE MOMENT OF HIS LEAP INTO SPACE FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT: A PICTURE OF HERR BOETTCHER (WHO MADE THE FIRST OF THE DESCENTS HERE ILLUSTRATED) TAKEN BY HIMSELF WHILE HE WAS FALLING THROUGH THE AIR.



4. "IT SEEMED TO ME AS IF SOME RUFFIAN HAD SUDDENLY GRABBED ME BY THE COLLAR OF MY COAT AND LIFTED ME UP; THIS WAS THE DECISIVE MOMENT, BECAUSE THE PULL SHOWED THAT THE PARACHUTE HAD UNFOLDED AND ITS BRAKING ACTION BEGUN": A SELF-PHOTOGRAPH OF HERR RUGE FALLING, SHOWING THE OPEN PARACHUTE BEHIND. were hooked to our main body-belts. To take photographs of the expression of my face during the first decisive seconds, I placed the camera with the lens upwards. After our parachutes had unfolded, we were also able to operate the cameras by hand, so that we could take photographs in all directions."

THE PARACHUTISTS' CHIEF RISK: THE HIGH-TENSION CABLE DANGER.

Continued from page 1093.]

down in the Police Regulations. The aeroplanes approached to within 20 metres (about 65 ft.) and set their course for the Staaken Railway Station. It is very important to calculate the direction and the velocity of the wind, in order to enable the parachutist to land, if possible, in the aerodrome. From my plane I observed my colleague Boettcher get out of his seat and climb on to the wing close to the cockpit (p. 1093, No. 1); in a crouching posture he awaits the decisive order from the pilot. I see the pilot open his mouth—of course, it is impossible to understand anything; Boettcher lets go (p. 1093, No. 2) and shoots downwards (p. 1095, No. 3). Promptly, after a drop of 30 metres (about 100 ft.), the parachute opens and, like a gigantic white bubble, losing falling speed, it sinks slowly to the ground. A period of stunting now sets in for the pilot of my aeroplane. In the very closest curves and loops he whirls round the falling parachute. I take all the pictures I can, but I am unable to rid myself of the feeling, in spite of the belt which holds me, that I shall be shot out of the aeroplane any moment. After a steep, downward course, we land not far from the parachute, which had come to earth. Its landing had been very boisterous, as it had been caught by gusts of wind and Boettcher had been dragged about 200 yards along the ground. Final effect: a smashed nose, a sprained arm, but a small camera which had remained intact with the exposed film. As my colleague Boettcher was of no use now for further photographic work, my colleague Fernstädt immediately took his place in order to take photographs of my own descent by parachute from the second aeroplane. The preparations were the same. Again the aeroplanes soar upwards, and again we are at a height of



1. "I SAW THAT I WAS MOVING TOWARDS THE DREADED HIGH-TENSION WIRES; THE CONSCIOUSNESS OF EXTREME DANGER WAS INCREASED BY THE EXCITED RUNNING OF SPECTATORS": HERR WILLI RUGE AND HIS PARACHUTE (ON RIGHT) CARRIED SAFELY OVER THE ELECTRIC CABLES BY A GUST OF WIND.

500 metres. On the way, the idea occurred to me of supplementing the doubtless successful photographs taken by my colleagues by a few special features. I therefore decided," Herr Willi Ruge continues, "to try a 'pike jump' descent. At the pilot's command, 'Go!' (p. 1094, No. 1) I throw myself off, head-downwards, towards the earth (p. 1093, No. 3), gasping a prayer to Heaven: If only the parachute opens. . . . The leap-off proper went just as smoothly as with my colleague. But . . . to describe the feeling I had when I was 'zooming' head-downwards (p. 1094, No. 2) towards the ground is almost impossible. I hardly experienced at all the sensation of falling, of speed, and of the danger: it seemed to me, rather, as if some ruffian had suddenly grabbed me by the collar of my coat and lifted me up (p. 1093, No. 4). This was the decisive moment, because the pull showed that the parachute had unfolded and that its braking action had already begun (p. 1095, No. 4). During the seemingly endless time of 7 minutes until I landed, I photographed my observations. All would have passed off well had it not been that during my descent the wind became more and more squally. In spite of the most careful calculation of the point of leaping off, I saw that I was moving towards the dreaded wires which transmitted the high-tension current. The consciousness of extreme danger was increased by the excited movements and the running of the spectators in the direction of the flight (present page, No. 1). Nearer

and nearer I got to the wires. My body was already lower than the level of the wires themselves, but the airman's luck was propitious to me. A gust lifted up my parachute, and me with it, right over the lines, as if to order. Directly afterwards the gust—just as if its work were completed—forced the parachute

[Continued opposite.]

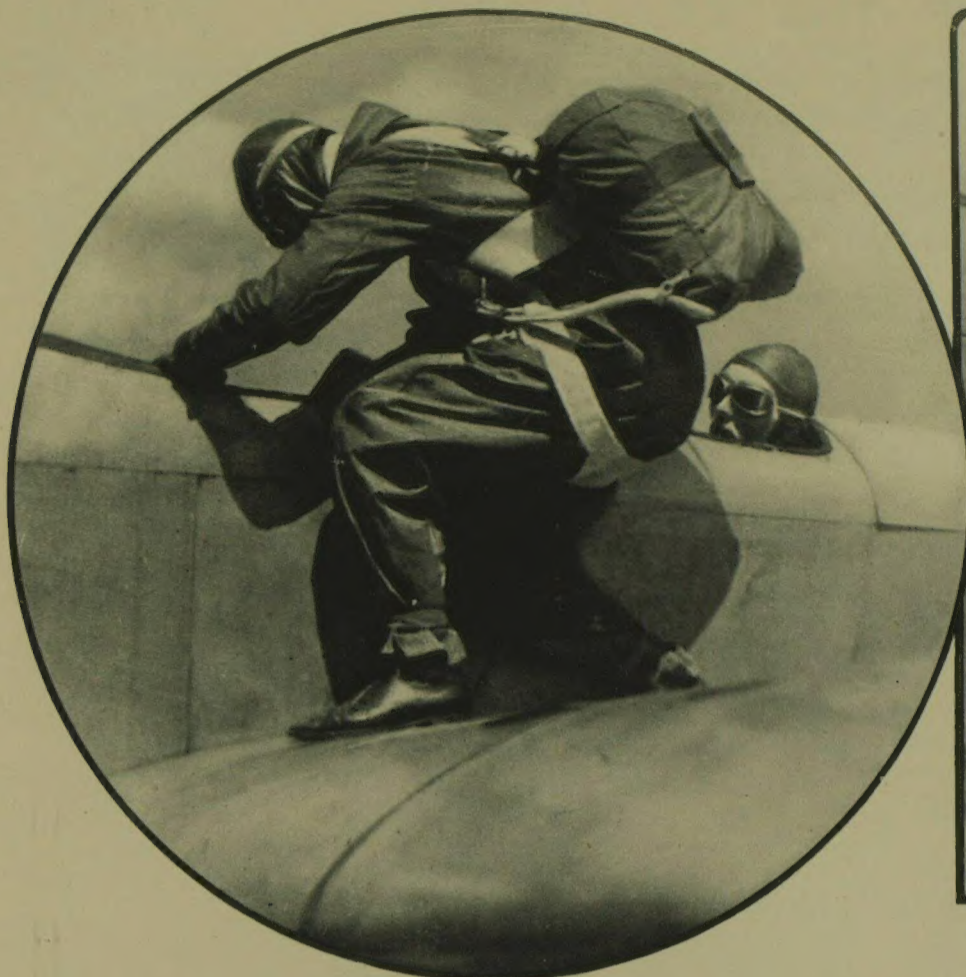


2. "OUR WIVES ON EARTH AT THE MOMENT OF MY JUMP; MY LITTLE SON DOES NOT SEEM MUCH INTERESTED IN HIS FATHER'S FEAT": FRAU RUGE (RIGHT) AND FRAU BOETTCHER (LEFT) WATCHING HERR WILLI RUGE LEAP FROM AN AEROPLANE.



3. "WHAT CAN MASTER BE DOING UP THERE IN THE AIR?" THE PARACHUTIST'S DOG, "PUTZLAPPEN," WATCHES THE AERIAL PROCEEDINGS WITH AN EXPRESSION OF SUPPRESSED ANXIETY.

FROM AEROPLANE TO EARTH: UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPHS OF PARACHUTISTS.



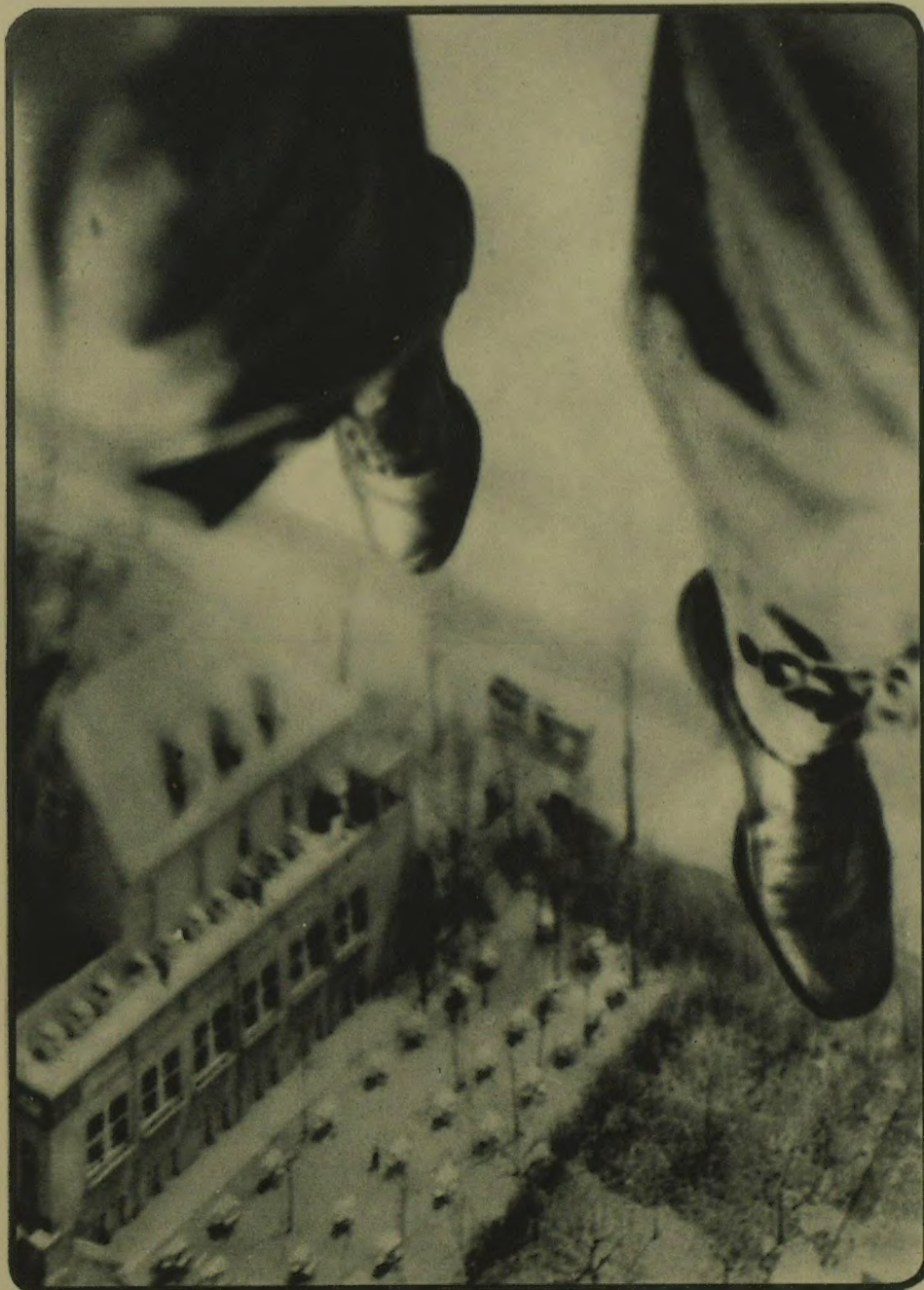
1. "GREAT RESOLUTION AND AGILITY WERE REQUIRED TO CLIMB OUT OF THE OBSERVER'S SEAT ON TO THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE": ONE OF THE PARACHUTISTS GETTING INTO POSITION FOR HIS LEAP FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.



2. THE MOMENT BEFORE THE SENSATIONAL LEAP INTO THE AIR BELOW: THE PILOT GIVES THE COMMAND, "GO!" TO THE PARACHUTIST CROUCHING OUTSIDE THE COCKPIT—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ANOTHER AEROPLANE.

Continued from opposite page.]

downwards, and I found myself moving with the speed of a train towards a small garden restaurant (see No. 3 on this page). The objective in front of me was a large double 'target' which belonged to a dance-room, and I was already telling myself that I should score a bull's-eye by hitting the very centre. But these judgments proved hasty, for a small, wiry, and withered tree stood between us. The lines of the parachute caught in the tree-top, and in the next second I found myself with a broken shin lying among overturned tables and garden chairs. Final result: a lacerated face and injured shin-bone, but at the same time a couple of good photographs. To sum up: more good fortune than sense! Even though we know that the parachute, the lifebelt of the air, will certainly open, it nevertheless requires a good deal of courage and self-control to venture the leap."



3. "THOUGH I SAW THE DANGER, I TOOK THIS PICTURE A FEW SECONDS BEFORE LANDING; EXPECTING IT TO BE MY LAST!" A SELF-PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY HERR WILLI RUGE AS HE DESCENDED BY PARACHUTE NEAR DEADLY HIGH-TENSION CABLES.



4. THE RAPTURE OF RELIEF AFTER TENSE ANXIETY: FRAU BOETTCHER KISSING HER HUSBAND AFTER WATCHING HIM LEAP INTO SPACE FROM AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT AND DESCEND TO EARTH BY PARACHUTE.

THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

V.—RATES, RENTS, AND TAXES.

MAKING allowance for the increase of population and of the value of property since the war, (the increase in the rateable value of London has

been passed in the last thirty years compelling local bodies to pledge the rates, or to spend money out of the rates, on Socialist measures, helped by grants from the Exchequer, some of which may be necessary and some desirable, but as to the ability to pay for which no question is ever raised. (2) Owing to the rapid extension of living in flats, a great many occupiers pay no rates themselves. The rates are paid by the owners, and charged in—i.e., added to—the rents, which is the main reason why rents have risen so much, particularly in London. This system, precipitated in the case of the middle class by the difficulty or impossibility of getting servants, and the cost of keeping them, accounts for the apathy of the voters at municipal elections. A municipal poll sometimes includes no more

than a third of the electors, whose sense of responsibility is weakened and whose feeling of powerlessness can in the aggregate be indebted, or contract debts, to an amount exceeding 10 per cent. of the valuation. In many States, no municipality can contract any debt, except a temporary debt incurred in anticipation of income, without the assent of two-thirds of its voters at a special election; in West Virginia, without the assent of three-fifths of its voters; and in Colorado, without the assent of the majority of tax-payers, not rate-payers. Things change so rapidly nowadays that I can only say that these were the figures when I examined the American statutes some years ago. The principle is that, while local authorities have power to spend within limits for ordinary purposes, such as cleaning, lighting, sanitation, without reference to their citizens, any plan for extraordinary or special expenditure must be agreed to at a special election, convened for that purpose, by a majority of rate-payers, or citizens.

This sound principle is unfortunately impossible in this country: the Socialist politicians have seen to that. The government of London, ruling as many subjects as Belgium, is a complicated affair, divided between many authorities. There is the Corporation of the City, a practically independent body of immemorial antiquity. There is the London County Council, erected, so to speak, on the ruins of the Metropolitan Board of Works, a corrupt and incompetent body, by

the Local Government Act of 1888. There are the twenty-eight Metropolitan boroughs, grouped round the L.C.C., superseding the old vestries by the Act of '99. For the last forty years, London has been governed by the London County Council, elected triennially, and on the whole it has been a rule of honesty, earnestness, efficiency, and intelligence. There have been some extravagance and some mistakes, such as the tramways and the steam-boats. But, taking a broad view, the L.C.C. has done much to sweeten, beautify, and civilise the Metropolis, helped by the borough councils, occasionally even by the Socialists, always by the London Municipal Society. The danger is the partnership with Parliamentary governments into which the municipalities and the L.C.C. have been lured by the bribe of lavish Exchequer grants. This is a subject so important and so vast that it must be reserved for another article.



THE LOCALITY WHICH MAY CONCEAL PLATO'S TOMB: THE SITE OF THE SUPPOSED ACADEMY OF PLATO IN COURSE OF EXCAVATION AT ATHENS.

been £10,000,000 in ten years), the total local indebtedness of England and Wales has risen to a figure which is calculated to excite uneasiness, not to say alarm. I am told on unimpeachable authority that the corporation and municipal debts of England and Wales, which depend upon the rates, cannot be put at a lower figure than a thousand millions. When you remember that the total National Debt, inherited from the Napoleonic Wars and existing before the German War, was between six and seven hundred millions, and that the National Debt to-day is about seven thousand millions, you will see that the rate-payers owe one-seventh, or about 13 per cent., of the biggest National Debt England has ever seen. I mean, of course, they owe that amount in addition to the National Debt. The interest and the principal of that local debt have to be paid out of local rates, and have no income tax, death and stamp duties, customs and excise duties to help to wipe it out.

The conflict between Imperial taxes and local rates was raised in 1903 in the debates on the Education Act. "What can it matter," asked Mr. Balfour, "whether the schools are paid for out of the rates or out of the taxes?" The question discovered the philosopher-statesman's ignorance of the middle-class life. For in those days the quarterly demand-note for rates was one of the bugbears of the middle-class man's life; and it was the cry of "Rome on the Rates" that helped to wreck the Conservative Party in 1906. Of Imperial taxation the middle-class man knew little or nothing; if it came in the shape of income tax, he either did not pay it at all or it was a small amount demanded yearly and allowed to stand over. The duties on tea, sugar, tobacco, and alcohol he did perceive, but they were then small in amount. The quarterly rate-note there was no escaping; and read it the householder did with attention. If there was a sensible increase, he would go to the Town Hall and make himself disagreeable, and he would take care to vote at the next local election for the economical candidate.

Unfortunately we have changed all that; and in the poorer districts, at all events, it is the extravagant candidate, who promises to spend more money, that is popular, or was so. This deplorable change is due to two causes. (1) That Parliament is constantly passing Acts placing new and expensive duties upon local authorities. Nearly two hundred Acts have



PART OF THE PEDIMENT BROUGHT TO LIGHT ON THE SITE OF THE GYMNASIUM: A MOUNT REMINISCENT OF THE HORSES IN THE PARTHENON FRIEZE.

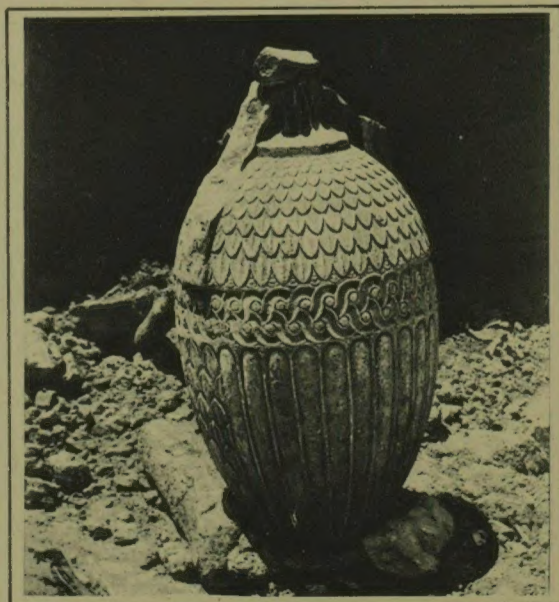
The modern Athens Academy, taking advantage of a generous donation from a prominent citizen, M. Aristophron, recently undertook the investigation of the site of its ancient prototype, the famous Platonic Academy. Originally the grove of the hero Academus, this subsequently became a gymnasium, and was frequented by Plato, who held a piece of land in the neighbourhood, and afterwards by Plato's followers down to that day, in 529 A.D. on which the Emperor Justinian closed the school for ever. In a recent communication to the Athens Academy, it was stated that the excavators, following up the clue given them by an old roadway which led from the North-West (Dipylon) gate of the ancient city, had discovered the remains of the foundations of a very large building, believed to be the college, or gymnasium, of the Academy, and had brought to light, among other objects of interest, those illustrated on this page.



PART OF THE PEDIMENT OF A MONUMENT WHICH GRACED THE GYMNASIUM OF THE SUPPOSED PLATONIC ACADEMY: A HORSEMAN SUBDUING HIS OPPONENT.

is increased by the modern confusion of rates and taxes. Nothing impresses the student of American institutions so much as the profound distrust of democracy visible in almost every line of their legislation. Their securities are manifold and elaborate against political and fiscal changes which are passed every year by our Imperial and local authorities, "and nothing done, for plenty is said, but without effect. Before constitutional measures of the gravity of our Reform Acts of 1918 and 1928 could become law, two-thirds of the Senate in America, two-thirds of the House of Representatives, and some sixty Legislative Chambers in the different States of the Union would have been obliged to concur. The Americans are equally afraid of democratic finance; and the precautions taken to protect the citizens against the expenditure of popularly-elected municipalities are instructive. In most cases the municipality acts within a strict limit as to general expenditure. In ten States of the Union the rates of county taxation are limited to a certain percentage of the valuation, which is on capital value. In Arkansas and Alabama, for instance, no town or city may levy a tax of more than one-half per cent. of the valuation in any one year.

With regard to municipal debts, in the State of New York no municipality of cities of over 100,000 population, or counties containing such cities,



A MARBLE FUNERARY URN OF GREAT BEAUTY: ONE OF THE TREASURES WHICH HAVE REWARDED THE ATHENIAN EXCAVATORS ON THE SUPPOSED SITE OF THE PLATONIC ACADEMY.

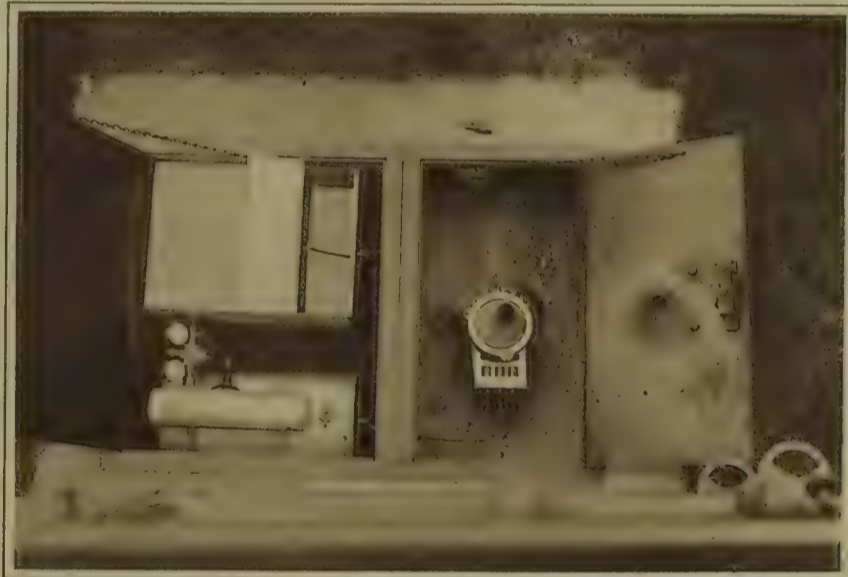
A NEW WIND-INDICATOR: GROUND SMOKE TO GUIDE PILOTS LANDING.



THE FIRST SMOKE-EMITTING TYPE OF AERODROME WIND-INDICATOR INSTALLED IN THIS COUNTRY—BY THE HANWORTH CLUB: THE NEW DEVICE IN OPERATION AT THE LONDON AIR PARK, SHOWING AN AEROPLANE COMING TO EARTH INTO THE WIND, AS INDICATED BY THE WHITE SMOKE GENERATED BY THE SPECIAL OIL APPARATUS LET INTO THE CENTRE OF THE LANDING CIRCLE.



THE INVENTOR OF THE SMOKE-EMITTING WIND-INDICATOR STANDING BESIDE THE FIRST EXAMPLE OF HIS DEVICE EVER USED IN ENGLAND: DR. AHRENS, A WELL-KNOWN GERMAN ENGINEER, AT HANWORTH.



MECHANISM OF THE AHRENS WIND-INDICATOR: AN OVERHEAD VIEW SHOWING THE OIL-FUEL AND PRESSURE TANKS (LEFT) AND THE SMOKE-EMITTING FUNNEL (RIGHT), WITH HINGED GROUND-LIDS RAISED.

THE introduction of a new apparatus for indicating the direction of wind to pilots of aeroplanes about to land is a notable step in the development of aviation, which is a subject of special interest just now in view of the great Royal Air Force Display. In connection with the three upper photographs on this page, we may mention that our contemporary, "Flight," recently gave the following account of the proceedings: "The Committee of the Hanworth Club entertained Dr. Ahrens, the prominent young German engineer who is responsible for the design of the smoke-emitting type of aerodrome wind-indicator, to lunch at Hanworth. We have already mentioned the fact that the Hanworth Club has been the first in England to establish one of these indicators at their aerodrome, and during the afternoon we were privileged to make a further inspection of this.

[Continued opposite.



A PARALLEL DEVICE USED IN A BRITISH AIRCRAFT-CARRIER: A VAPOUR-EMITTING WIND-INDICATOR ON THE FLYING DECK OF H.M.S. "COURAGEOUS," WITH A "BLACKBURN" BIPLANE TAKING-OFF.

[Continued.]

with Dr. Ahrens. It consists in essentials of a triple burner consuming a low-grade oil, such as coal oil or one of the light Diesel oils, and heating a plate on to which is dropped oil of approximately the same quality. This is then emitted from a funnel in the form of dense white smoke, and, situated as it is in the centre of the landing circle, gives to the pilot an admirable and accurate indication of the direction of the wind. There is no doubt that the familiar wind-stocking is a crude and inefficient method, and only indicates the wind on portions of the aerodrome which are not necessarily those used in landing, and that such a smoke apparatus as this gives the direction of the wind just where it is most needed." Our fourth photograph, reproduced here at the foot of the page, shows that a kindred device has already been adopted in aircraft-carriers of the British Navy.

AN EXISTENCE TRANSLATED INTO HEXAMETERS.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"SCHLIEMANN OF TROY": By EMIL LUDWIG. With an Introduction by SIR ARTHUR EVANS.*

(PUBLISHED BY PUTNAMS.)

THE life of Heinrich Schliemann is like a fairy-story, a fairy-story about a dream coming true. Nine people out of ten dream of making a colossal fortune; perhaps nine out of ten dream, at one time or another, of discovering gold, Spanish gold, pirates' gold, hidden in the earth. The first dream is seldom realised; the second almost never. Heinrich Schliemann realised both.

Dr. Ludwig calls his life "Schliemann of Troy," with the sub-title "The Story of a Gold-Seeker." "Schliemann himself" (says Sir Arthur Evans in his Introduction) "tells us how, as a boy, a poor pastor's son in an out-of-the-way village in Mecklenburg, he had longed to dig for the golden cradle thought to be interred in a barrow near his father's manse. The same urge beset him to unearth the treasures of a robber-chief, said to be buried in the gardens of a neighbouring mediæval castle—whose walls, indeed, six feet thick, contained inner passages foreshadowing, as it were, Tirynthian galleries he was afterwards to explore. Some ambitions in wider fields may possibly have been kindled by his father's interest in the excavations of Pompeii; and a deep impression on his mind was made by the gift of a small *History of the World*, with an account of the siege of Troy and, above all, a picture of Anchises and Æneas escaping from the flaming city. The book remained among his most precious possessions to the last."

Born in 1822, Heinrich Schliemann had to leave school at the age of fourteen because of his father's poverty. Nothing seemed less likely than that he would become a rich man. He had no one to help him; he suffered from lung trouble. He spent the years between fourteen and nineteen as a grocer's apprentice, "nor could he find the means, teachers, or books or friends to enable him to relieve the strain by escape into an imaginary world or by the possession of an object for his devotion."

A shipwreck off the coast of Holland laid the foundation of his fortunes, and was followed, strangely enough, by a marked improvement in his health. "When I remember," he wrote, "how, during the past winter, I always wore two sets of under-drawers, a cat's-skin jacket, and two woollen waistcoats, and yet, in spite of all, continued to bring up blood, and felt certain, whenever I had a slight cough, that I was consumptive, I am now a problem to myself. This much is certain—that the water-cure I underwent at Rostock . . . hardened me."

At the age of twenty-two he entered the great export firm of Schroeder and Co. The extraordinary youth had already at his command seven languages, of which Russian was one; his employers were quick to recognise his talents and sent him, now twenty-five years old, to be their representative in Russia. In Russia he prospered exceedingly; but he still found time to study languages. When he was thirty-three he wrote to his uncle at Kalkhorst: "I have taken the liberty of writing this letter to you in Greek, the language of my waking thoughts and of my dreams, for I am sure you will understand. . . . I have learnt Slovenian, Danish, Swedish, Norwegian, Polish, Latin, modern and ancient Greek, and thus can now speak fifteen languages in all." He used afterwards to declare "that he had reserved Greek

until the last, for fear that 'the powerful spell of this noble language might take too great a hold upon me and endanger my commercial interests.'"

The claims of scholarship and business strove within him for mastery. Both appealed to his romantic nature. He expressed a longing to live in Greece; "his enthusiasm for its ancient tongue was sincere and spontaneous, but at the same time his energy had to represent a country to which he was attracted by the language as something great and dynamic. Romance and energy, the German and the American sides of his character, combined to conjure up in

When he was forty-two he wound up his business in Russia and began a world tour which lasted nearly two years. His object was, Dr. Ludwig says, "to escape both from business and the family." His relations with his Russian wife, Katharina, "a matter-of-fact, sociable, logical, clear-headed, and unimaginative woman," were far from happy. "The one important fact that emerges is that at heart she disliked him; once again the curse of gold made its influence felt in his life, since, without it, she would never have accepted him, and where gold was concerned he was too thrifty to suit her and she was too extravagant to suit him.

The result was endless squabbles over trifling sums: 'The train was an express train and only first-class tickets were available on it. To wait for the next would have been still more expensive.'"

Schliemann was before all things a man of action. When he found that the divorce laws in America were being revised, and that his release from Katharina might be delayed in consequence, he did not hesitate to use his political influence to affect the course of legislation. Before he obtained his divorce he wrote to his old tutor, now an Archbishop in Athens, asking him to recommend a Greek lady for the position of his second wife.

"I am afraid to fall in love with a Frenchwoman. . . . Therefore I beg you to enclose with your answer the portrait of some beautiful Greek woman: you can buy a photograph of one at any photographer's: I will always carry this photograph in my letter-case, and will protect myself thereby from the danger of marrying anyone except a Greek woman. . . . Choose for me a wife of the same angelic nature as your married sister. She should be poor but well-educated: she must be enthusiastic about Homer and about the rebirth of my beloved Greece."

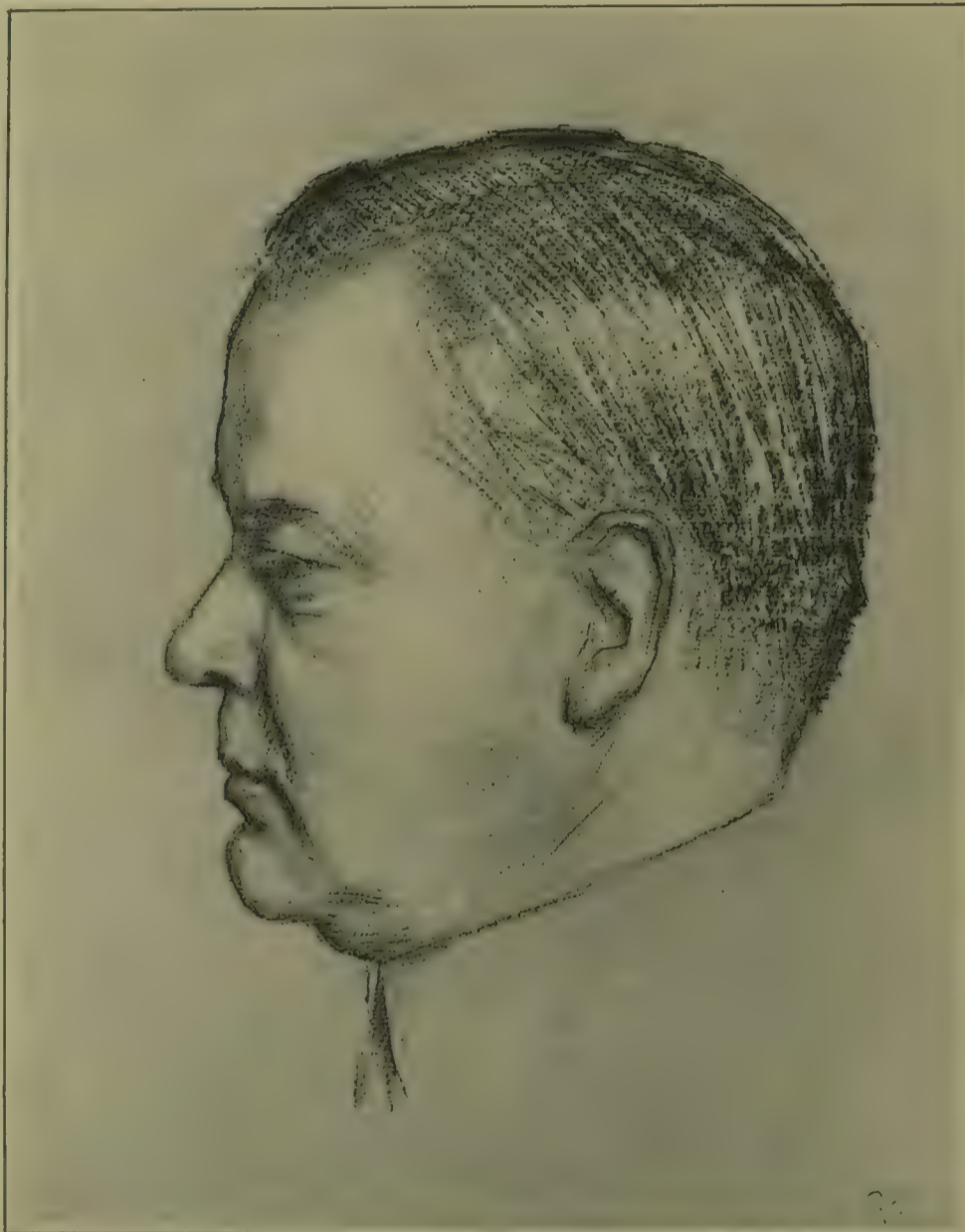
The Archbishop recommended his niece Sophia. When Schliemann asked her: "Why do you want to marry me?" she replied: "Because my parents have told me that you are a rich man!" Schliemann was horrified by this reply; for a moment the negotiations were held up. But only for a moment. He wrote back from his honeymoon: "Sophia is a splendid wife who would make any man happy, for, like almost all Greek women, she has a kind of divine reverence for her husband."

Schliemann's second marriage took place in 1869, at Athens. Thereafter, until his death in 1890, he occupied himself ceaselessly with archæology. He was now a rich man, and could afford to indulge his passion on the grand scale.

"His excavations," says Sir Arthur Evans, "were the outcome of his literal belief in the records of Homer and of other ancient authors. It was a form of belief comparable to that of a 'Bible Christian,' and there is something disarming about his simple faith. So we see him at the beginning of his exploratory career climbing Mount Ætos in Ithaca to dig up the north-east corner of the peak—'where, as I judged, the beautiful olive-tree must have stood out of which Odysseus constructed his marriage-bed and round which he built his bed-chamber. This is the place where perhaps Odysseus shed tears and saw again his beloved dog Argos, who died of joy.' He found there five little urns, 'and it is quite possible that in my five little urns I have the ashes of Odysseus and Penelope, or their descendants.'"

As is well known, Schliemann committed a great many archæological blunders. "I can never become

[Continued on page 1126.]



PRESIDENT HOOVER, WHOSE PROPOSAL THAT THERE SHOULD BE THE POSTPONEMENT DURING ONE YEAR OF ALL PAYMENTS ON INTER-GOVERNMENTAL DEBTS HAS AROUSED WORLD-WIDE INTEREST.

In order "to give the forthcoming year to the economic recovery of the world, and to help free the recuperative forces already in motion in the United States from retarding influences from abroad," the American Government proposes "the postponement during one year of all payments on inter-Governmental debts, reparations, and relief debts, both principal and interest, of course not including the obligations of Governments held by private parties." The suggestion is that the period of postponement shall begin on July 1. The announcement was made in a statement by President Hoover, who, it will be recalled, has held his high office since 1929.

From the Sketch made at the White House by Ralph Peacock. Reproduced by Courtesy of the Artist, who Reserves the Copyright.

his mind a vision of the ancient world restored to fullness of life."

Jottings from the diary he kept when in Russia show how difficult he found it to mix business and study: "To-day I am dreadfully out of humour, as my agent in Moscow informs me that he has been selling sodium at lower prices than I meant him to do. In consequence, I cannot keep my mind upon my studies. My brain is occupied too much with business."

"I am, I know" (he admits in another place), "mean and avaricious. I shall have to give up being so mercenary. All through the war I thought of nothing but money."

Here is a very different entry: "I am at present applying myself so thoroughly to the study of Plato that in six weeks' time, if he were to receive a letter from me, he could not fail to understand it."

* "Schliemann of Troy." The Story of a Gold-Seeker. By Emil Ludwig. With an Introduction by Sir Arthur Evans. (Putnams; 21s. net.)

THE FLYING PHOTOGRAPHER AS GOLF-COURSE CARTOGRAPHER.



A MOSAIC MAP OF MANY SNAPSHOTS TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE AT A HEIGHT OF 5000 FT. AND JOINED TOGETHER TO MAKE AN IDEAL PLAN: THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB COURSE AT WOODCOTE PARK, EPSOM.

A while ago, we printed a page of pictures illustrating the manner in which "mosaic" maps made of many aerial photographs were being used in the United States by specialists engaged in planning new golf-courses or surveying old ones with a view to alterations. This attracted the attention of Aerofilms, of Hendon, who informed us that they had been doing the same thing in this country for a considerable period. The map here reproduced is an excellent example of their work. It is of the Royal Automobile Club's course at Woodcote Park, Epsom, and it was constructed for Lieut.-Colonel C. W. Myddleton, Chairman of the Golf Committee of the R.A.C. Its making was thus described in "Tee Topics": "With a small Ordnance map of the Club property as a guide, the aeroplane was flown over at a pre-determined altitude, which altitude is governed by the focal length of the camera-lens and the final scale to which the map is

being prepared. The pilot flies the aeroplane on parallel lines of flight a certain distance apart, during which time photographs are taken at regular intervals, each photograph overlapping the others to a certain extent, and each parallel line overlapping in a similar manner. Great skill is necessary on the part of the pilot and the photographer, as the aeroplane must be flown on perfectly straight lines of flight and on an even keel. Wherever possible, lines of flight are made against the wind, in order to reduce the ground speed and obviate side-drift. The camera used for this class of work carries detachable spools 65 ft. long, which allow for 100 exposures to be made. . . . The photographs are pieced together somewhat after the style of a jig-saw puzzle, all overlaps being carefully trimmed away." The old subsidiary nine-hole course at Epsom (at the bottom left-hand side of the photograph) has now been transformed into a new eighteen-hole course.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

ANTS AND ANT-EATERS.

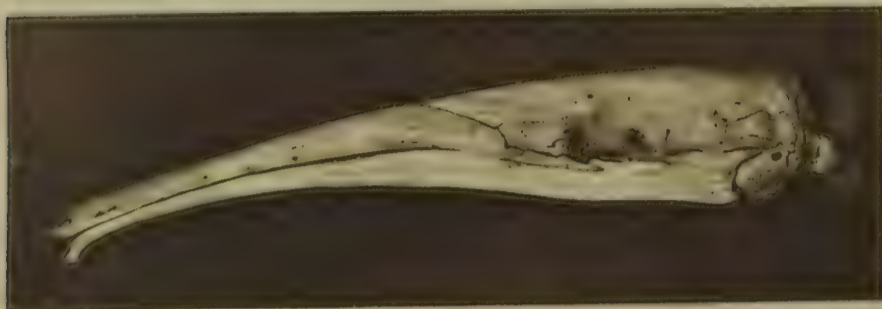
By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

THE serious study of natural history is supposed to be the concern only of learned professors, while its lighter side is regarded as a source of pleasant occupation or hobby for boys, though even, strangely

deformity. This much, at any rate, seems to be true of the forefeet, for the back of the hand, or rather, the side of the foot, is applied to the ground. This strange condition has come about partly owing to the enormous size and the singular curvature of the claws. These are really digging-organs, but they form at the same time terrible weapons of offence when used against the attacks of jaguars or dogs; for the unwary attacker can make little impression on the tough hide and coarse hair of the intended victim, who, with a lightning swoop, rips open the body of its would-be destroyer by these horny hooks. But,

which I wish to stress—it maintained its hold on life just as easily without the specialisations seen in the ant-eater of to-day. Why, then, the change? The long snout, toothless jaws, great salivary glands, and huge claws have all come into being as responses to persistent stimuli applied, generation after generation, to the same areas, all "counter-irritant" stimuli having become suppressed. The result is not so much a greater efficiency of performance as a degree of specialisation so intense that the animal, in a wild state, has now come to depend for its very existence on an unlimited supply of ants.

As touching the coloration of the great ant-eater, one is tempted to describe it as very striking, owing to the great black, white-bordered "stole" worn over the shoulder and the large patch of white on the fore-limb. But in the living animal this would prove a disruptive or "concealing coloration," since it would break up the contours and hence make the body indistinguishable from its surroundings. The great ant-eater, or tamandua, haunts the drier forests of South America, and is, I need hardly say, a ground-dweller. Of the closely related, smaller arboreal species, I would fain say something, but on this occasion must refrain, because in the space left



1. THE SKULL OF THE SOUTH AMERICAN ANT-EATER: A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF ANATOMICAL DEVELOPMENT, IN WHICH THE LOWER JAW HAS BECOME SO SLENDER THAT THE WHOLE SKULL HAS A TUBULAR APPEARANCE, WHILE BOTH JAWS ARE TOOTHLESS.

It is not merely the skull of this species which, in the course of ages, has been developed to cope with a specialised diet: the ant-eater's tongue has grown more and more worm-like, the lips have decreased in size till the creature's mouth is a mere slit, and its eyes and ears have, so to speak, shrivelled up.

enough, grown men and women can be found who have like tastes. This is really a most unfortunate conception, for the serious study of animals and plants affords an insight into the complex mysteries and subtle agencies which govern the existence of living bodies of all kinds, including man himself. The trained zoologist, doubtless, is the better able to interpret what he sees, but those who are unable to devote their lives to this study can yet enlarge their conception of life with profit to themselves and to their neighbours. The wider knowledge of this kind is diffused, the fewer blind leaders of the blind there will be. Our so-called "social sciences" are sorely in need of copious draughts from this well of understanding.

One need not stir from one's garden to find material for study. But the potentialities of this field of study are perhaps more vividly presented by some animal which arrests the attention by reason of its striking peculiarities. A case in point will be found by those who have the good fortune to be able to visit the "Zoo." And nothing there will be found better suited to this purpose than the great ant-eater of South America which has just arrived, replacing a fine specimen which died there some years ago. A glance at the adjoining photograph will surely bear out my contention. Here is an example of adjustments of various parts of the body brought about by the intensive pursuit of an extremely restricted bill of fare. This creature lives exclusively on a diet of ants and termites. There are very few insectivorous animals which will eat ants, owing, no doubt, to the pungent formic acid which pervades them. Hence, when the ancestral ant-eater acquired a taste for this highly-spiced food, it found no competitors.

That ancestor, we may be sure, was not in the least like the ant-eater of to-day, though it contrived, nevertheless, to obtain an ample sufficiency. But to this point I must return. Let us turn our attention just now to the essential features which distinguish its descendant. Look, in the first place, at the extraordinary shape of the head, which is drawn out into a long tube. The mouth, a mere slit, is at the end of this tube, while eye and ear, in like manner, have, so to speak, shrivelled up. But the opposite end of this strange body calls no less for comment, for in what other animal will you find so strange a tail? It is more like a great busby than a tail.

The body, it will be noticed, has a strangely "hunched up" appearance, as if it stood upon very tender feet. And, indeed, they look as if they might well be very tender, for they have all the outward semblance of

left in peace, there is no more harmless animal than the great ant-eater, for, as its name implies, it feasts upon ants which in South America are a terror even to man himself.

How the first ant-eaters captured these active, hard-shelled, and venomous little creatures we do not know. But we may surmise that they found a wet tongue uncommonly useful. As a consequence of its persistent use through many generations, it grew longer and longer and more and more worm-like. At the same time the snout kept pace with the lengthening tongue, its ultimate cylindrical form being due to the fact that the lower jaw, long since relieved of the function of chewing, grew more and more slender. Since this form of feeding required the mouth to be opened no wider than to permit the out-thrust of the worm-like tongue, the lips decreased in size. To-day, as the adjoining photograph shows, the mouth is no wider than a slit at the end of the snout. Yet another structural adjustment to the requirements of this kind of food and its capture must be mentioned, and this is the huge size of the sub-maxillary salivary glands, which pour out upon the tongue, as it is thrust out of the mouth, a sticky saliva, so that every ant which touches it adheres and is drawn back into the mouth.

Though by no effort of imagination can we conjure up a picture of the ancestral ant-eater which is anything better than guess-work, yet we may be quite sure that it was not in the least like the ant-eater of to-day. Nevertheless—and this is the point



2. THE CHINESE PANGOLIN (*MANIS AURITA*): AN ANIMAL "EPICURE" WHICH ENJOYS THE SAME SPECIALISED DIET AS THE ANT-EATERS OF SOUTH AMERICA, BUT DIFFERS ENTIRELY FROM THEM IN APPEARANCE.

The pangolins—of which there are several species—all feed on ants; all agree, also, in having the body cased in a scaly "armour," which is formed by fusions of hairs.—[Photograph Copyright D. Seth-Smith.]

to me I want to say something of another ant-eater as unlike the tamandua as could well be.

This is the pangolin, or scaly ant-eater. As a matter of fact, there are several species of this type,

African and Asiatic. Some are tree-dwellers, some live in the ground; but all agree in having the body encased in large, overlapping scales, recalling the scales of a fish. The Chinese pangolin (Fig. 2) will show at a glance the profound differences between these animals and the South American species I have described. These scales are really derived from hairs cemented together. One may cite whalebone, or "baleen," and the rhinoceros-horn as other similar structures. The more carefully we examine these scales, the more puzzling they become. When and how and why did the hairs of the ancestral pangolin combine to form themselves into scales? Their geographical range—Africa, India, China, Burma, Borneo—is wide; their habitats are varied. Only in the matter of their food are they uniform. Nowhere can we seem to find any clue which might explain the mystery of the scales.



3. ONE OF NATURE'S SPECIALISTS!—THE GREAT ANT-EATER OF SOUTH AMERICA, AN OUTSTANDING EXAMPLE OF THE ADJUSTMENTS BROUGHT ABOUT IN THE VARIOUS PARTS OF AN ANIMAL'S BODY BY THE INTENSIVE PURSUIT OF AN EXTREMELY RESTRICTED "BILL OF FARE."

The South American ant-eater, or tamandua (*Myrmecophaga jubata*), lives on ants and, more especially, on termites; that is, white ants. It averages four feet in length (excluding its tail), and stands about two feet high at the withers. The naturalist Bates, when collecting in the American region, found the tamandua excellent eating—its flavour reminding him of roast goose!—[Photograph Copyright D. Seth-Smith.]

THE "PARADE GROUND" OF THE AIR: "LINE ABREAST" DRILL.



PRECISION IN FORMATION FLYING FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY AT HENDON: A FLIGHT OF "HAWKER HARTS"—NEW AND FAST DAY BOMBERS IN A WONDERFUL CLOUD SETTING.

It is anticipated that one of the most striking performances in formation flights at the Royal Air Force Display, to be held at Hendon to-day, June 27, will be that of the new Hawker Hart machines, a squadron of which is here seen flying line abreast, in a wonderful cloud setting far above the aerodrome. The Hart day bomber is a new type of military aeroplane which is about sixty miles an hour faster than the older type of machine which it displaces. These new machines have only been in service for about two months, but the pilots have developed remarkable skill in handling them, and the manoeuvres

of No. 12 Squadron, carried out with faultless precision, provide a fascinating spectacle. After completing their usual Service formations, they wheel rapidly, first at one end of the aerodrome and then at the other, the machines changing stations as they turn. Then they fly over in various formations—such as line abreast (as shown in the above photograph), line astern, a triangle, a diamond, a cross, or an arrow with a shaft. The absence of any faults in timing or formation is astonishing. At the end of their display they give a demonstration of their remarkable speed.



1. RECALLING THE ORIGIN OF THE MODERN SLANG WORD "CADGER": A FALCONER AND A CADGER WITH HOODED HAWKS ON A WOODEN CADGE.

AS THE NEW OXFORD UNIVERSITY GAME-HAWKING IN



2. WHILE THE HAWK IS "WAITING ON" IN THE AIR ABOVE: A DOG USED TO FLUSH THE QUARRY—PARTRIDGES OR GROUSE.

FALCONRY CLUB WILL PRACTISE IT? MODERN ENGLAND.



3. A HAWK RETURNING TO ITS OWNER: A BIRD THAT HAS BEEN SPECIALLY TRAINED FOR FALCONRY FLYING TO THE "FIST."



4. AS IN THE MIDDLE AGES, WHEN FALCONRY WAS A FAVOURITE RECREATION OF THE ARISTOCRACY: A FALCONER WITH AN UNHOODED HAWK.



5. "WAITING ON": A HAWK REMAINING ALOFT, AS IT HAS BEEN TRAINED TO DO, UNTIL THE QUARRY HAS BEEN FLUSHED.



6. SO CALLED BECAUSE IT HAS MOULDED IN THE MEWS: AN INTERVIEWED FALCON—SHOWING THE AFTER-MOULTING TRANSVERSE MARKINGS.



7. THE "YEOMAN'S HAWK" OF THE MIDDLE AGES: A GOSHAWK: A BIRD THAT WILL KILL IN A DAY MORE THAN A FALCON WILL IN A WEEK.



8. WITH A STOAT THAT IT KILLED IN AN OAK TREE AND BROUGHT TO EARTH IN ITS TALONS: A HAWK AND ITS PREY.

It was announced the other day that the Oxford University Falconry Club had been formed, with Colonel John Buchan, the novelist-M.P., as President, Lord David Cecil as Vice-President, and Mr. John Buchan, of Brasenose, as Treasurer. Colonel Buchan lives at Elsfield Manor, Oxford, and Lord David Cecil is a Fellow of Wadham College. There will be from forty to fifty members, and it is hoped to practise the art of falconry round Elsfield and over Otmoor in the autumn. Meantime, hawks are being trained at Elsfield. It is understood that hawking shall not be carried on in the immediate neighbourhood of Oxford itself. Otmoor is about six miles out. Hitherto, falconry has survived in this country thanks mainly to the efforts of such enthusiasts as Captain C. W. R. Knight and to the traditions of the Old Hawking Club as kept up by its successor, the British Falconers' Club. Captain Knight is, we need hardly remind our readers, not only world-famous as a falconer who has trained many a hawk, to say nothing of golden eagles, but as

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN

explorer, photographer, and lecturer. In connection with certain of these illustrations he has been good enough to supply the following notes: "1. The modern word 'cadger'—a fellow who is out to get something for nothing—originates from this. The original cadgers did no real work, but got tips from those who came to look at the hawks." The cadge, we may add, is the wooden frame on which the hawks are transported to and from the field. "2. While the hawk is 'waiting on' overhead, a setter or spaniel is used to flush the birds (partridges or grouse). 3. A hawk trained for falconry may be made to fly to the 'lure' (a rough imitation of the natural quarry) or to the 'fist,' when required to return to its owner. 5. For game hawking, the hawk is trained to remain aloft until the quarry is flushed. This is 'waiting on.' 6. A bird that has moulted is said to be intermewed. 'The Mews' was where hawks were moulted, or sometimes kept. 8. The hawk killed this stoat in an oak in Chevening Park."

C. W. R. KNIGHT, M.C.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

IN discussing the Indian problem, the pundits of Delhi and Downing Street, so far as I am aware, have neglected one possible solution—to substitute for the Round Table a round ball, and for red tape a ribbon of Cambridge blue; in other words, to establish the reign of King Willow. This is not an original idea of mine. I have cribbed it from one of Norman Gale's "Cricket Songs," wherein we read—

An Indian gentleman to-day
Has staled your tortoise policy;
And thousands cheer to see him play,
A splendid batsman quick and free.
A game shall dwindle all your cares,
A clever catch and runs a few.
A Parliament may fool indeed,
But not the band of Cambridge Blue.

Norman Gale's "to-day," of course, was some time in the 'nineties, when the choice of a captain for India would have been fairly obvious. So might the present cricket electorate reconcile racial claims by entwining the English rose with the Indian "Tulip."

The poem containing the above-quoted lines forms an apt appendix to what will doubtless be a "treasured volume" alike among cricketers and statesmen, as well as travellers in India and students of Indian local history. I mean "THE LAND OF 'RANJI' AND 'DULEEP.'" By Charles A. Kincaid; sometime Judge of H.M. Court of Judicature, Bombay; author of "A History of the Maratha People," "Deccan Nursery Tales," and "Tales from the Indian Epics." With Preface by H.H. the Maharaja Jam Sahib of Nawanagar. Numerous Illustrations (Blackwood; 12s. 6d.). This is a book which brings back to me joyous memories. One advantage which I derived from a Cambridge education was the opportunity of going to Fenner's to watch "Ranji" bat or bring off lightning catches at short slip, for I happened to be contemporary with him. Little did I dream of the family troubles, which, as this book reveals, were then brewing for him in India. None of us knew, I think, that he was claimant to a throne, and when—years later—his accession was announced it seemed like a defeat of fame, as of some popular M.P. retiring to the shades of the Upper House and losing his identity in an unfamiliar title.

Of "Ranji's" triumphs as a batsman Mr. Kincaid gives only a brief summary; for, as he neatly puts it, "are they not written in the chronicles of the kings of cricket?" There is an allusion to "Ranji's" "Jubilee Book of Cricket," and also to his later prowess as a game shot, but the author's main purpose is "to unfold to the English friends and admirers of 'Ranji' and 'Duleep' the heroic history of the line from which they both are sprung." They trace their descent to the god Krishna, and their capital city, Nawanagar (New Town), was founded by a famous ancestor, Jam Rawal, in 1540. The subsequent fortunes of the dynasty, a romantic tale of wars, battles, and conspiracies, occupy most of the book, which, in the Jam Sahib's own words, is "the first authoritative history of Jamnagar written from vernacular sources in English by an Englishman."

The English reader's interest will, I think, be quickened when "Ranji" himself comes into the picture. The story of his youth is dramatic. It concerns rivalries of jealous women not averse from drastic means to advance the claims of their sons. Those who think of Eastern wives as down-trodden nonentities may be surprised to read that "terrible as are the tempers of the Olympian immortals, they pale before the furies of an Indian zanaana." In 1877 the then ruler, Jam Vibhaji, chose one of his sons as his successor, but the young Prince was removed by arsenic, and he then selected his grandson, Ranjitsingji, whom he entrusted to the British political agent, Colonel Barton, to save him from a similar fate. The Colonel took him to his own home, and arranged for his education. Meanwhile, however, Jam Vibhaji, under threats of poison, selected another heir, who succeeded on the Jam's death in 1894. Ranjitsingji, then up at Trinity, was assailed by "a flood of calumny" in his native State,

and the Jamnagar treasury stopped his allowance. "The disinherited Prince," we read, "strove to ignore his calumniators and devoted himself to cricket." His troubles certainly did not cramp his style.

Recalling his first meeting with "Ranji" in Kathiawar in 1898, Mr. Kincaid says: "I expected to find a young man embittered by the decision of the Government of India [i.e., to sanction his disinheritance] and his head turned by his cricket successes. I found, on the contrary, a charming youth who treated the Viceroy's decision as a blow of fate to be endured rather than to be railed against, and who spoke of his prodigious cricket scores with the most becoming modesty." It was in 1907, after the usurper's death, that Ranjitsingji at last came into his own and "was installed on the throne of his ancestors." The remainder of the book records his beneficent rule, which has already lasted twenty-three years. He has suppressed corruption, retrieved the finances of an almost bankrupt State, rebuilt his capital, constructed railways, harbours, docks, and reservoirs. In a final chapter, Mr. Kincaid gives some interesting quatrains by the Nawanagar bards celebrating the Jam's achievements, with verse translations in English.

India again provides much of the background to an excellent book of reminiscences entitled "ON THE FRONTIER

sympathetic ink was written on the white part of the letter, and duly disclosed itself on the paper being heated. The message contained full directions for invisible writing, and warned our correspondent to be prepared for it whenever our letter paper showed a pin-prick through the left-hand top corner."

Early in 1918 Colonel O'Connor was sent on a mission to Siberia, which took him to Vladivostok. On the way he visited the United States. He recalls "an amusing but rather alarming" incident at Washington. "I visited the theatre one night," he writes, "with two young American airmen. About the middle of the performance the manager appeared on the stage and announced that there was a British Lieut.-Colonel present who had recently had some interesting experiences in the East who would be glad to address a few words to the audience. There was loud applause in which I innocently joined until I found, to my horror, that I was the Lieut.-Colonel referred to, and the next minute I was pushed up on to the stage totally unprepared with any kind of address, and, to add to my horror, I then discovered that the President himself, together with Mrs. Wilson, was present in the stage box! However, I did the best I could. . . . My young friends, I learnt afterwards, had given me away to the management, and were full of glee at the way in which I had been trapped."

The rest of the book tells of Colonel O'Connor's seven years' sojourn in Nepal, from 1918 to 1925, as British Resident and Envoy. He gives a lively account of a tiger-shooting expedition arranged for the Prince of Wales, who had some exciting adventures—once when his elephant sank in a swamp, and again when he shot at close quarters a deadly king cobra, 10 ft. long, "making for him at full speed." The Colonel's last chapter discusses sport in Kashmir, the Pamirs, Seistan, and Nepal. He has written a fine book, which will appeal to "all pioneers and workers on the outskirts of the Indian Empire," to whom he wishes "God-speed." Whoever chooses such a career, he says, will live "a man's life." Through his pages, those condemned to more humdrum pursuits may enjoy it in imagination.

Readers who, by way of contrast, would see the East, or part of it, through Eastern eyes, can do so in "BLOOD AND OIL IN THE ORIENT." By Essad - Bey. Translated from the German by Elsa Talmey (Nash and Grayson; 18s.). The author is the son of an oil-magnate of Azerbaijan, and his book describes his adventures, with his father, before and during the war, and things seen in their own land or when journeying through the wilds of Turkestan and Persia. It is a lurid story in the "outspoken" manner, for which Asia of the Asiatics affords much material, and includes gruesome descriptions of reciprocal massacres by Mohammedans and Armenians. The publishers note certain reflections on British troops in Azerbaijan that call for refutation. The task of refuting them should not be difficult.

From a book so rich in murderous episodes the transition seems natural to certain works suited to the ardent criminologist. Among them is "GUILTY OR NOT GUILTY?" Stories of Fifty Sensational Crimes in Many Countries. By Guy Russell. With sixteen Illustrations (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). One chapter discusses the identity of Jack the Ripper, whose exploits were recently eclipsed in Germany. Another deals with the case to which is devoted a new volume of Notable British Trials, namely, "THE TRIAL OF DR. SMETHURST." Edited by Leonard A. Parry. Illustrated (Hodge; 10s. 6d.). The doctor was first condemned and then reprieved and pardoned. To the same series is also added "THE TRIAL OF HAROLD GREENWOOD." Edited by Winifred Duke. Illustrated (Hodge; 10s. 6d.). The accused, a Welsh solicitor, was acquitted of the charge of poisoning his wife. Of more recent memory was the case recorded in a new addition to of a kindred series—Famous Trials—entitled "THE TRIAL OF WILLIAM HENRY PODMORE." By H. Fletcher-Moulton and W. Lloyd Woodland. Illustrated (Bles; 10s. 6d.). The Southampton garage mystery, here unravelled, would have taxed the best powers of Inspector French.

C. E. B.



AN OLD MASTER'S DESIGN ASSOCIATED WITH THE CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION: "STUDIES FOR CEILINGS IN WHITEHALL, LONDON," BY PETER PAUL RUBENS—HERE GIVEN FOR COMPARISON WITH THE COMPLETE CEILING ILLUSTRATED ON PAGES 1112-1113.

In connection with the centenary of the Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall, we illustrate on a double-page in this number the magnificent ceiling, decorated with paintings by Rubens, in the old Banqueting Hall, once part of the Palace of Whitehall, and now used by the Institution as a museum. Above we reproduce one of the painter's preliminary studies, the finished form of which appears in two long panels of the ceiling, flanking the central oval. This study of Cupids and lions, painted on canvas, has been lent to the Exhibition of Flemish and Belgian Art recently opened at Copenhagen, from the collection at the castle of Gavno, in Denmark.

AND BEYOND." A Record of Thirty Years' Service. By Lieut.-Colonel Sir Frederick O'Connor, C.S.I., C.I.E. Illustrated (Murray; 15s.). The author began his career in the Royal Field Artillery, and went out to India in 1895, to join a mountain battery in Darjeeling. He served in the North-West Frontier Campaigns of 1897-8, and spent some years at lonely stations beyond the Indus and in the Gilgit district of Kashmir. Seven years in India set him thinking about Asiatic problems, and he obtained an appointment to accompany the British Mission to Tibet under Major (now Sir) Francis Younghusband, of which he gives a picturesque account. He then escorted the Tashi Lama to Calcutta. On the way there were interviews with the Prince and Princess of Wales (now the King and Queen), and with Lord Kitchener, at Rawalpindi. On concluding his work in Tibet, he travelled round the world. In 1909 he was appointed British Consul of Seistan in Persia, and later, Consul at Shiraz. The outbreak of war found him still in Persia, where he was taken prisoner by revolutionaries.

The means by which Colonel O'Connor and his companions eventually obtained their freedom are quite amusing. One device adopted for communicating with the British Resident at Bushire, he relates, "was a letter, openly written by me to a lady at Bushire, saying that I intended to study Italian in order to pass the time, and asking her kindly to procure and send me the three following books: (1) Rascaldade sul Fuoco (Heat over the fire). (2) La Parte Bianca (The white part). (3) Di questa Lettera (Of this letter). I happened to know that Wassmuss (the German agent in Persia) knew no Italian, and I trusted to his ignorance of the language to allow this rather barefaced bluff to succeed—as it did. Needless to say, a message in

"A Wholly New
Technique
in Byzantine Art":
A Tenth-Century Icon
Wrought in
Coloured Marble
Inlay—
"The First of its Kind"
Hitherto Discovered.

BY COURTESY OF STANLEY CASSON, M.A.,
READER IN ARCHAEOLOGY AT OXFORD AND
FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF THE BRITISH ACADEMY
EXCAVATIONS AT CONSTANTINOPLE; AND
MACRIDY BEY, OF THE STAMBOUL MUSEUM.

AS promised in our issue of April 11 last, where a monochrome photograph of this unique icon appeared, we now reproduce it in the full beauty of its actual colouring. The previous illustration was one of several given with Mr. Stanley Casson's article describing great discoveries of Byzantine art and architecture in the ruined church of St. Mary Panachrantos at Constantinople, which was converted into a mosque in the fifteenth century, but is now disused. Such a subject is of special interest just now in view of the important International Exhibition of Byzantine Art now being held in Paris. Describing the treasure shown on this page, Mr. Casson wrote: "It measured 65 by 28 centimetres, and consisted of a white marble slab into which had been inserted, piece by piece, the figure of a saint—St. Eudokia. The design was composed of large and small pieces, inserted rather in the manner of ordinary marquetry. Dark red, vivid green, golden yellow, and black are used for the garments and ornament of the figure; while the hands and face, most delicately cut, are in rose-coloured stone. The whole gives the effect of extraordinary richness and beauty. When found, the icon was lying face-downwards, and most of the marble inlay had fallen out; but it had not been scattered, and the bulk of it was safely recovered. This curious and lovely icon is the first of its kind, and it illustrates a wholly new technique in Byzantine art. Nothing even remotely like it was known before. But this church seems to have been very rich in monuments of this type, for remains of another very similar icon were found in the rubbish which had been pitched into one of the tombs, and there was also found a moderately well-preserved icon of St. John in *verde antico* which was fashioned in a not dissimilar way. Numerous other fragments of this marble inlay were also found in various places, but in no instance was it possible to achieve a complete reconstruction on anything like the scale of the Eudokia icon."



A UNIQUE DISCOVERY AT CONSTANTINOPLE: AN INSCRIBED ICON
OF ST. EUDOKIA IN INLAID MARBLE.

A Medici Gift to a Mogul Emperor:

The Canning Jewel; and Other Art Treasures.

BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. SOTHEY AND CO.



AN ITALIAN RENAISSANCE MASTERPIECE ASCRIBED TO BENVENUTO CELLINI: THE MAGNIFICENT CANNING JEWEL (NAMED AFTER THE FIRST VICEROY OF INDIA) NOW OWNED BY THE EARL OF HAREWOOD.



A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF GERMAN RENAISSANCE JEWELLERY: A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GOLD AND ENAMELLED PENDANT SET WITH PEARLS, RUBIES, AND DIAMONDS.

AT Sotheby's on July 16 will be offered for sale the magnificent Italian Renaissance pendant known as the Canning Jewel, which is attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, and owned by the Earl of Harewood. The main motif is a Triton, whose torso is made of a large single pearl, brandishing a scimitar or jawbone set with diamonds, and holding in the left hand a buckler fashioned as a Gorgon mask, with a ruby for mouth. The jewel is said to have been given by a Medici Prince to one of the Mogul Emperors of India, and to have been found in the King of Oudh's treasury on the capture of Delhi in the Indian Mutiny, when it was appropriated by the Indian Government and bought from them by Earl Canning, first Viceroy of India. From his collection it passed to the first Marquess of Clanricarde, and the second Marquess left it to his great-nephew, now the Earl of Harewood.

On the same day (July 16) Messrs. Sotheby will offer, on behalf of the Countess of Lathom, the treasure illustrated above on the right. It is described as "a superb pendant gold jewel, set with pearls, rubies, and diamonds, and with portions in incrustated enamel, German high Renaissance work of the sixteenth century."—The "Livy" once owned by the Grand Bastard of Burgundy (1421-1504) is a beautiful French illuminated manuscript (circa 1400), which Messrs. Sotheby arranged to sell by auction on June 23. The first subject on the miniature here reproduced shows the translator writing his book.

DATED ABOUT 1400: A HALF-PAGE MINIATURE FROM AN EXQUISITE FRENCH ILLUMINATED MS. OF LIVY, ONCE OWNED BY THE GRAND BASTARD OF BURGUNDY.



LAWN-TENNIS HISTORY IN THE MAKING: WIMBLEDON "SENSATIONS."



J. J. PERRY, OF GREAT BRITAIN, IN PLAY AGAINST F. CUMMINS, OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHOM HE BEAT 6-1, 6-3, 6-3.



THE "SENSATION" OF THE FIRST DAY—THE DEFEAT OF HENRI COCHET: THE GREAT FRENCH PLAYER PATTING NIGEL SHARPE ON THE BACK AFTER THE MATCH.



F. X. SHIELDS, OF THE UNITED STATES, IN PLAY AGAINST P. D. B. SPENCE, OF SOUTH AFRICA, WHOM HE BEAT 6-1, 6-1, 6-2.



CENTRE-COURT INTEREST IN "OTHER COURTS": WATCHING PLAY ON OUTER COURTS FROM A "GALLERY" OF THE CENTRE COURT STAND.

The Lawn Tennis Championships began on the lawns of the All-England Club at Wimbledon on Monday, June 22. It may be said that the opening day knew more than the usual number of "sensations," or—to use what is now the more popular poster-word—bombshells. In the first round of the Singles, for example, H. Cochet, of France, was beaten by N. Sharpe, of Great Britain, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2, though it must be said, without any desire to disparage Nigel Sharpe's feat, that Cochet was by no means in his true form. He was, in fact, still suffering from his recent illness. Further, all four South African Davis Cup players were knocked

out of the Men's Singles. Again, though, as we write, it is very early to predict what this will mean, F. J. Perry, of Great Britain, beat J. Cummins, Great Britain, 6-1, 6-3, 6-3. The fact that Cochet lost very materially improved Perry's chances. Then, there was the much-discussed tall, loose-limbed F. X. Shields, a "seeded" player of the U.S.A., to watch. He beat P. D. B. Spence, of South Africa, with ease, 6-1, 6-1, 6-2. Further photographs from Wimbledon, illustrating the Championships as they progress, will, of course, be published in later issues of "The Illustrated London News."

HORSE SHOW NOVELTIES AT OLYMPIA: PIT "PONIES"; "PERIOD" COACHES.



A NEW FEATURE ON THE SPECTACULAR SIDE OF THE INTERNATIONAL HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA: THE FIRST LONDON PARADE OF PIT "PONIES," BROUGHT DIRECT FROM THEIR UNDERGROUND WORK IN THE COAL MINES OF MONMOUTHSHIRE AND SOUTH WALES—MAGNIFICENT ANIMALS WITH SLEEK COATS AND STURDY IN APPEARANCE, TESTIFYING TO GOOD TREATMENT BY THE HAULIERS, WHO TAKE A PRIDE IN THEIR HORSES.



THE ORIGINAL LONDON-YORK MAIL COACH OF 1800: A HISTORIC VEHICLE DRIVEN BY MR. E. K. FOWNES, WITH PASSENGERS ALSO IN THE COSTUME OF THE PERIOD, ENTERING THE ARENA.



GOING TO THE DERBY IN THE 'SIXTIES: ONE OF THE OLD-TIME COACHES SEEN IN THE HORSE SHOW AT OLYMPIA, WITH ITS PASSENGERS DRESSED IN THE FASHIONS OF 1860.



THE WINNER OF THE KING GEORGE V. GOLD CUP JUMPING COMPETITION FOR OFFICERS: CAPTAIN J. MISONNE (BELGIUM) ON HIS TEN-YEAR-OLD BAY GELDING, THE PARSON.

This year's International Horse Show, opened at Olympia on Saturday, June 20, has been remarkable for novel and spectacular features. One of these was the parade, for the first time in London, of pit "ponies" from South Wales and Monmouthshire. There were 60 of them, brought straight from their haulage work in the coal mines, and their entrance was preceded by hauliers in working kit carrying lighted miners' lamps. Although described as "ponies," most of the animals are of the carthorse type, ranging from 14 to 15 hands high. Their sleek coats and sturdy appearance proved the care bestowed on them. In a speech on the subject, Sir John W. Beynon said that the specimens exhibited were typical of the 11,500 pit ponies employed in South Wales. "The hauliers," he said, "are

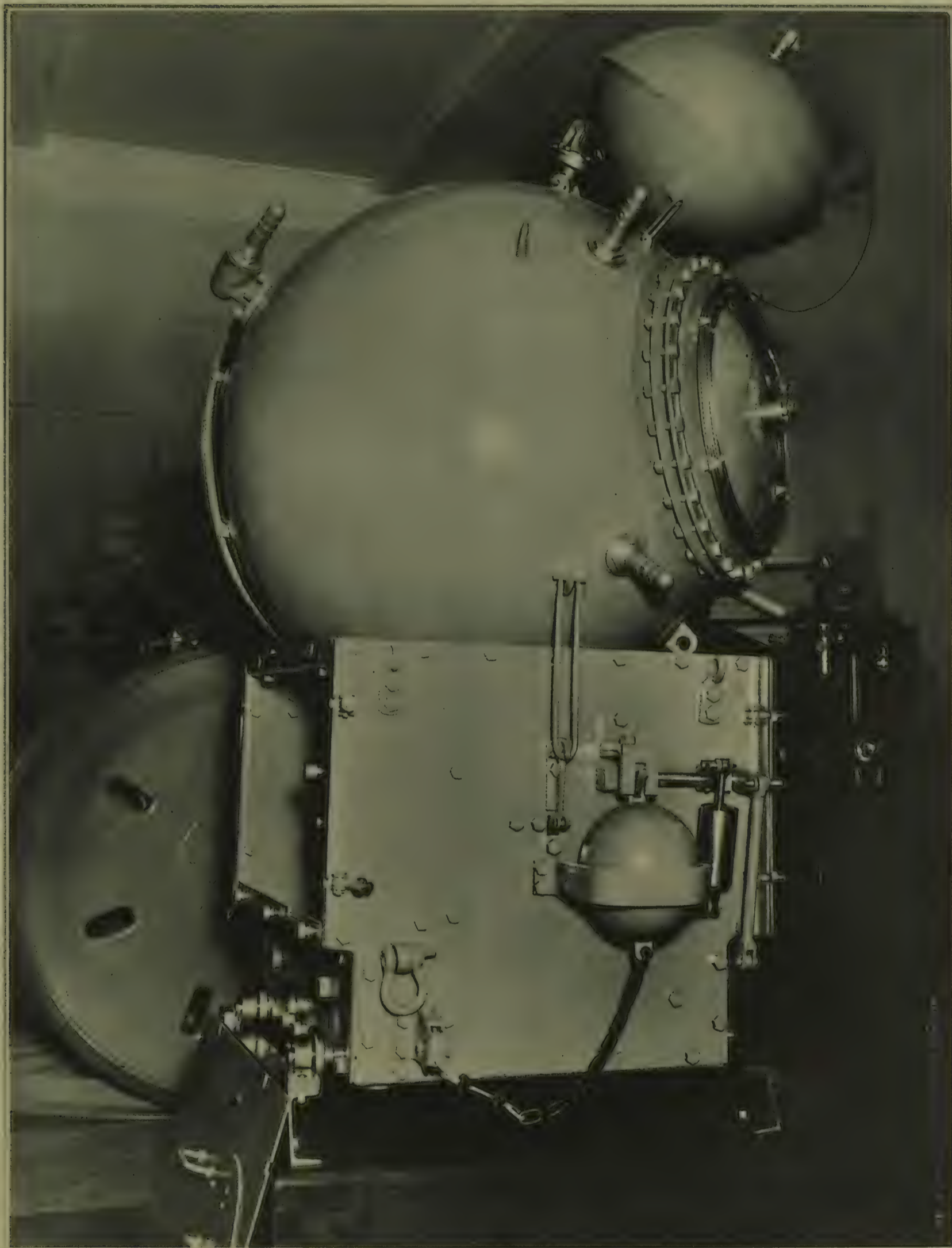


A PIT "PONY'S" WORK DEMONSTRATED AT OLYMPIA: A GROUP OF WELSH MINERS BEING DRAWN ON THEIR TRAILER—AN INCIDENT IN THE WELSH PONIES CLASS AT THE HORSE SHOW.

proud of their horses. Each considers his horse the best in his particular colliery, and makes a pet of the animal." The other novelty was the picturesque group of historic coaches, with occupants in period costume, which took part in the competition for the Lonsdale Challenge Cup. They included the original London-to-York mail coach, and the London-to-Devonport mail, which was held-up in the arena by a masked highwayman (Mr. Sam Marsh) in traditional style. This incident was one of the most dramatic ever seen at the Show. The winner of the King George V. Cup, Captain J. Misonne, was the only competitor to go round the course without a fault. Only once before had the Cup been won by a Belgian officer—Lieut. Delvoie, on Murat, in 1912.

A SYMBOL OF OUR TIME: THE MINE, DENIER OF THE WATERS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS, LTD.



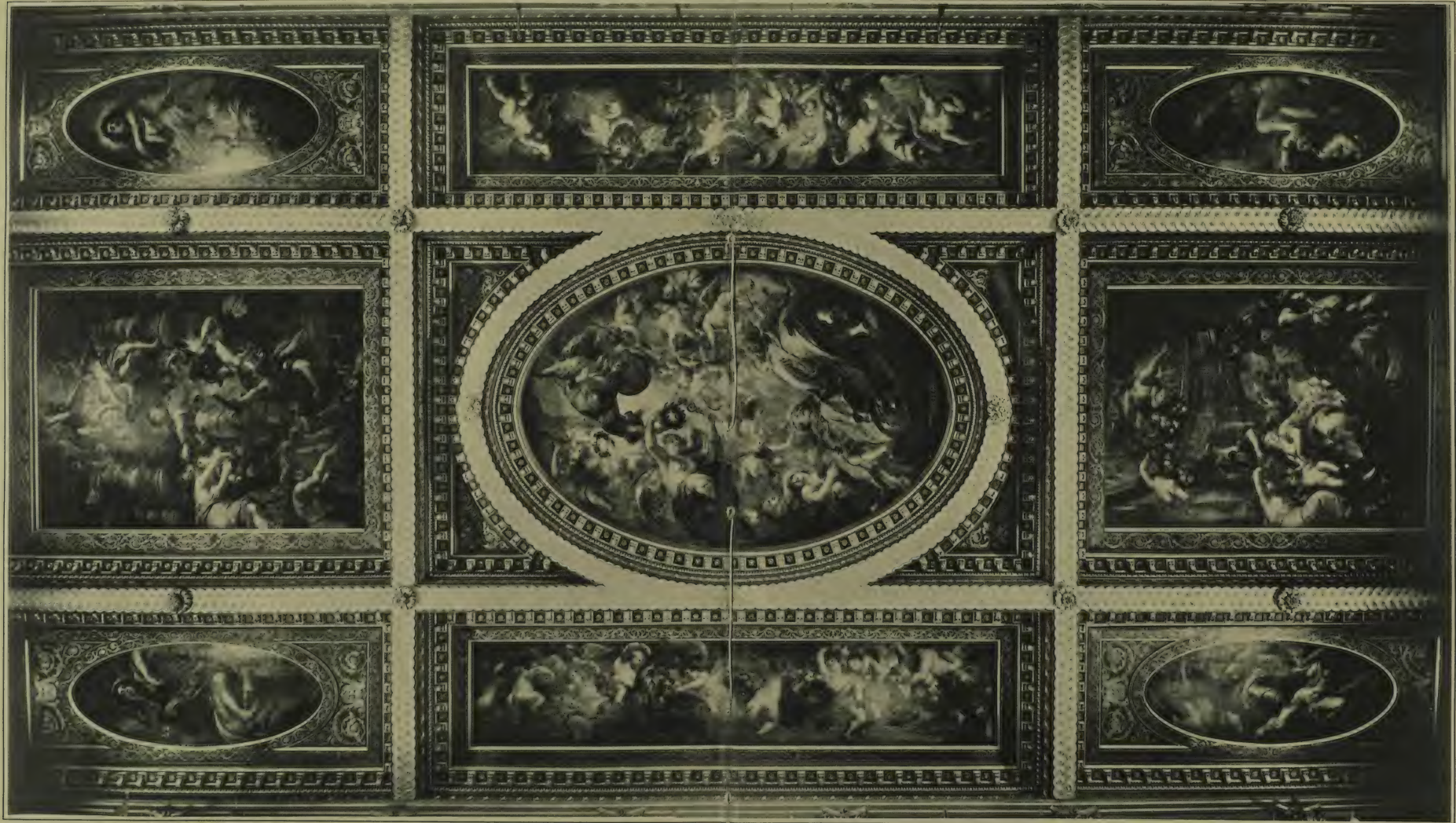
CARRYING A 440-LB. EXPLOSIVE CHARGE AND HAVING BOTH ANTENNA FIRING APPARATUS AND THE HORN FIRING SYSTEM: A MOORED SUBMARINE MINE WHICH HAS A 183-FT. FIRING CONTACT CABLE.

The mine, that potent denier of the waters to enemy craft, surface and submergible, must still be reckoned a Symbol of our Time, despite the fact that the Great War was a "War to end War." "'Tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." Therefore, much interest will be taken in this photograph, which shows the Vickers-Armstrongs Submarine Mine, Type H., Mark VA., with Antenna Firing System. This carries a 440-lb. explosive charge. It has a mooring cable which is 1000 ft. long. The total length of the vertical firing contact cable is 183 ft. It is a standard type of moored mine, and it embodies not only the horn firing system, but the most recent

form of antenna firing apparatus. This latter comprises an antenna cable, 83 ft. long, which is supported above the mine by means of a float, and an antenna cable which is 100 ft. long and is below the mine. If a submarine touches any part of the 183-ft. length of vertical antenna, the mine is exploded. In the photograph, the float is seen above the horned spherical mine. Below the mine is the square sinker which rests on the sea-bottom. It should be added that the mine in question is one of the exhibits of Messrs. Vickers-Armstrongs and their associated companies, at their show-room in Vickers House, Broadway, Westminster.

A GREAT ART TREASURE PRESERVED BY THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, NOW CELEBRATING ITS CENTENARY.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.



THE MAGNIFICENT RUBENS CEILING OF THE OLD BANQUETING HALL (OF WHITEHALL) GRANTED BY QUEEN VICTORIA FOR THE USE OF THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION:
(IN CENTRE) THE APOTHEOSIS OF JAMES I. BETWEEN TWO PANELS (HERE ABOVE AND BELOW) FOR WHICH THE PAINTER MADE THE STUDY SHOWN ON PAGE 1106.

The Royal United Service Institution, in Whitehall, will celebrate its centenary at an evening reception in the old Banqueting Hall on July 2, attended, it is hoped, by its President, the Duke of Connaught. The Institution was founded, as the Naval and Military Library and Museum, at a meeting held on June 25, 1831, at the Thatched House, St. James's Street, then a famous tavern much used for public gatherings. The resolution that the Institution "be now formed" was put by Major-General Sir Henry Hardinge, afterwards the first Viscount Hardinge of Lahore, Governor-General of India and twice Secretary of State for War. The name was changed in 1834 to United Service Museum, and took its present form under the Royal Charter of 1860. The original premises having proved inadequate and lacking security of tenure, Queen Victoria granted the Institution the use of the Banqueting Hall, Whitehall, an ideal setting for its collection of historic relics. The adjoining buildings, erected later at a cost of £23,000, were opened in 1895 by King Edward (then Prince of Wales). The Centenary number of the Institution's "Journal" (for May 1931) contains a very interesting history of the Banqueting Hall, by Mr. Edward Fraser. "In 1629," he writes, "Rubens, who besides being an artist was an eminent diplomatist, came to England at the head of an embassy, and Charles I. revived the project of decorating

the ceiling with paintings. Rubens now undertook to do the work for £3000. . . (He) made his designs at Whitehall. The paintings were executed at Antwerp. . . They were finished by July 1634, after which they remained rolled up in a storehouse at Antwerp for a year, King Charles being unable to find the money for Rubens' fee and the Dutch export duty. The delay became a public scandal, until the King arranged with Rubens for payment by instalments. The paintings were damaged through damp, but Rubens repaired and repainted the injured parts, and in October 1635 the canvases were at last shipped to London. . . The oval centre panel represents the Apotheosis of James I. It shows the King shaking off the troubles of this world (typified by a globe) and ascending to heaven on the wings of an eagle intended to symbolise Justice. The two oblong panels on either side typify, the one Peace and Plenty; the other, Harmony and Happiness. . . The two large panels at either end typify, the one [on right in our reproduction] the birth of Charles I., with King James on his throne pointing to the infant, who is being perfected by Wisdom; the other, King Charles's accession, the monarch embracing the Goddess of Wisdom and overcoming Envy and Rebellion." Cupids and lions in the two long oblong panels appear in the artist's preliminary study reproduced on page 1106.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



A BRITISH YACHT DEFEATS AN AMERICAN FOR THE SEAWANHAKA CUP: "SASKIA," THE WINNER (RIGHT), AND "PRISCILLA III." STARTING.

The fourth race for the Seawanhaka Cup took place off Rothesay on June 18, when Mr. A. S. L. Young's 8-metre "Saskia," the British defender, defeated for the fourth time the American challenger, Mr. Johnston de Forest's "Priscilla III." The Cup therefore remains in the custody of the Royal Northern Yacht Club. The rough weather in which the event was decided favoured "Saskia."



A NEW TAILLESS AEROPLANE, WITH BAT-LIKE WINGS AND SHARK-LIKE "NOSE," TO BE SEEN IN THE R.A.F. DISPLAY: THE WESTLAND-HILL PTERODACTYL "MARK IV."

This new type of the Westland-Hill Pterodactyl, a tailless machine with bat-like wings, differing from the earlier forms in several particulars, will take part in the Royal Air Force Display at Hendon to-day (June 27). It was seen in flight for the first time recently at the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough. The 120-h.p. "Gipsy III" engine, driving a propeller, is behind the enclosed cabin (seating three people), which thus has an uninterrupted view forward.



SIR HUBERT WILKINS' SUBMARINE, "NAUTILUS" (LEFT), DISABLED IN MID-ATLANTIC, TOWED BY THE U.S. BATTLE-SHIP "WYOMING"—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM THE LINER "VOLENDAM."

Sir Hubert Wilkins' submarine, "Nautilus," was recently disabled while crossing the Atlantic, bound for London en route for Spitzbergen and the North Pole. The U.S. battle-ships "Wyoming" and "Arkansas" went to her aid, and when the sea moderated the "Wyoming" took her in tow. The engines of the "Nautilus" failed, and her bridge and periscope were carried away. On June 22 she arrived safely at Cork, still escorted by the "Wyoming," eighteen days after her departure from New York.



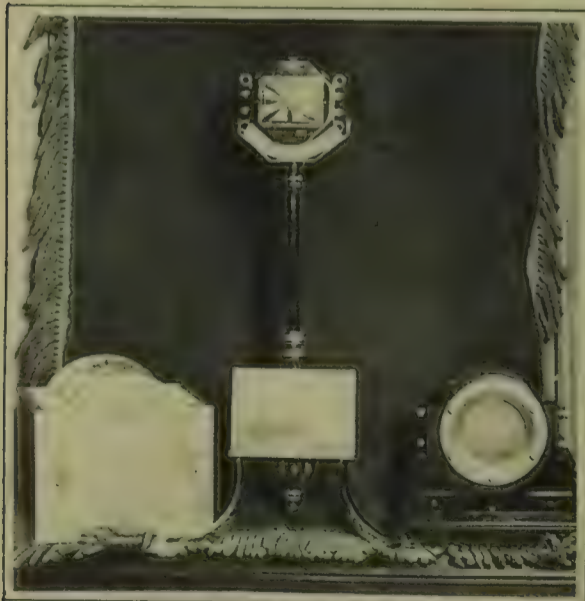
WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR CELEBRATIONS AT HIS BIRTHPLACE, FALAISE: FRENCH, BRITISH, AND U.S. DESCENDANTS OF HIS COMPANIONS-IN-ARMS.

More than 100 British descendants of William the Conqueror and his companions-in-arms attended recent celebrations in his honour at Caen and Falaise, his birthplace. The British party, led by Lord Eustace Percy, M.P., included Lord Treowen and Sir Alfred Bower. The expedition was organised by Lord Derby and the United Associations of Great Britain and France. At Falaise was unveiled a bronze tablet engraved with the names of the Conqueror's supporters at the Battle of Hastings.



A THAMES DIVER RESCUED AFTER BEING TRAPPED FOR NEARLY SEVEN HOURS IN RIVER MUD: MR. WILLIAM MILTON (LEFT) SHAKING HANDS WITH ONE OF HIS RESCUERS, MR. SCANNELL.

William Milton, a diver working on the construction of a new jetty in the Thames at the Ford factory at Dagenham, was imprisoned lying on his side unable to move, when an outrush of water sucked him under the edge of the caisson in which he was working. His rescue was largely due to the labours of another diver, William Davis, who cleared a way for the helpless man to come to the surface. Milton did not appear to be seriously affected by his experience.



THE KING'S NEW MICROPHONE (CENTRE); WITH THE OLD ONE (RIGHT), NOW A HISTORIC RELIC, AND ITS CASE (LEFT).

In opening the new King George Hospital at Ilford, on July 18, the King will use for the first time the new microphone (shown above) made by the Marconiphone Company, Ltd. The case, finished in gold and silver, bears the royal arms. The old instrument, used since his Majesty's first broadcast speech at Wembley in 1924, will be preserved as a historic relic.



THE GREEK PLAY AT BRADFIELD: A SCENE BEFORE THE ROYAL PALACE OF THEBES IN THE "ANTIGONE" OF SOPHOCLES, GIVEN AT THE SCHOOL'S FAMOUS OPEN-AIR THEATRE, IN AN IDYLIC SETTING.

The "Antigone" of Sophocles was presented in the open-air theatre at Bradfield on June 19, and proved a complete success, although the performance was interrupted by several showers. This is the fifth time this play has been chosen for presentation since these performances were started in 1890. It was produced by Mr. Cyril Bellamy (one of the masters), and the music is by Mr. D. G. A. Fox. Readers who do not know Greek may be interested to learn that the sense of the inscription on the theatre is that what is enacted here is not for the present only, but for ever.

ROCHESTER RE-ENACTS A HISTORIC PAST.



THE FIRST BISHOP OF ROCHESTER PERFORMS A MIRACLE: BISHOP JUSTUS RESTORING A BLIND JUTISH GIRL'S SIGHT.



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S VISIT TO ROCHESTER IN 1573, CELEBRATED BY A MASQUE: THE QUEEN WELCOMED ON ALIGHTING FROM HER CANOPIED CHAIR.



FROM THE ROMAN EMPEROR CLAUDIUS TO CHARLES DICKENS: THE PAGEANT COVERING 1800 YEARS OF ROCHESTER'S HISTORY PRESENTED IN THE PICTURESQUE SETTING OF THE ANCIENT CASTLE WITH ITS ELEVENTH-CENTURY KEEP—AN EPISODE SHOWING CLAUDIUS (AT HEAD OF CAVALCADE ON THE RIGHT) ABOUT TO RECEIVE THE HOMAGE OF A KENTISH KING IN A.D. 43.



THE QUEEN ELIZABETH OF THE PAGEANT: MISS EDMEADES, OF MEOPHAM.



THE CHARLES DICKENS OF THE PAGEANT: MR. J. T. HAWES.



ROCHESTER CASTLE REVIVES THE WARS OF HENRY III.: SOLDIERS OF THE KING, ARMED WITH SPEAR AND CROSSBOW, SALLY FORTH TO REPEL AN ATTACK BY SIMON DE MONTFORT.



ROCHESTER IN THE DAYS OF ST. AUGUSTINE: THE ENTRY OF KING ETHELBERT OF KENT, WITH HIS CHRISTIAN WIFE, BERTHA, DAUGHTER OF CHARIBERT, KING OF THE FRANKS, IN A.D. 604.

A great historical pageant enacted by 5000 performers, in the picturesque setting of Rochester Castle, was opened on June 22 by Prince George, and continued throughout the week. The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London attended it in State on the 23rd. A prologue spoken by "the Spirit of Rochester" (impersonated by Miss Sybil Thorndike) introduced eight episodes, covering 1800 years of the city's history, from the establishment of a Roman camp at Rochester (Durobrivis) in A.D. 43, to the days of Charles Dickens. Mr. Pickwick, it will

be remembered, stayed at the Bull Inn. One historic episode shows the arrival of King Ethelbert, with St. Augustine and Bishop Justus, in A.D. 604, when the King decreed the building of a church. Other scenes represent the dedication of the Cathedral by Henry I.; the unsuccessful attack on the Castle by Simon de Montfort; Chaucer on pilgrimage to Canterbury; Queen Elizabeth's visit in 1573, with a masque symbolising the marriage of Medway and Thames; and Charles II. leaving Rochester for London. The grand finale is a procession of the whole company.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK:

MRS. GORDON
GALLIEN.

African and Australian traveller and explorer. Killed (on June 18) with Miss Cecile O'Brien, the well-known airwoman, when the aeroplane piloted by Miss O'Brien nose-dived near a landing-ground outside Hatfield and burst into flames.

MR. PERCY
HUNT.

Winner of the Junior T.T. Motor-Cycle Race, on June 15, with the fastest speed ever averaged in that race (73.94 m.p.h.); and of the Senior T.T. on June 19, with an average speed of 77.9 m.p.h. First to accomplish this.



MISS CECILE O'BRIEN, THE WELL-KNOWN AIRWOMAN, WHO WAS KILLED IN A FLYING ACCIDENT NEAR HATFIELD. Miss Cecile O'Brien was burnt to death when her machine nose-dived and caught fire near Hatfield, on June 18. One of our foremost women pilots, she was the second woman to obtain a "B" flying certificate in this country. She lost a leg in an aeroplane crash in 1928, but immediately on her recovery took up flying again. Daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien.

MR. LISSANT BEARDMORE, WHO MADE THE FIRST
CHANNEL CROSSING BY GLIDER—ON JUNE 19.

Mr. Lissant Beardmore, the wealthy Canadian opera-singer, made the first crossing of the Channel by glider, on June 19. He was towed off at Lympne at 5.15 p.m. and drawn up to 12,000 ft.: thence he made a 60 m.p.h. glide, coming to earth at St. Inglevert Aerodrome, near Boulogne.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

M. ARMAND
FALLIÈRES.

President of the French Republic, 1906-13. Died, June 22; aged 90. A staunch Republican in politics; entered Senate, 1890, and became President of it, 1899. Visited England, 1908, and joined King Edward VII. and the Tsar in the Reval Meeting.

ALDERMAN J.
HENDERSON.

Elected Labour Member for Ardwick (Manchester) in the recent by-election, with a majority of 314 as against a previous majority of 6864. First Labour Mayor of Carlisle. An employee of the L.N.E.R., and a former N.U.R. official.

MR. MONTAGU NORMAN, GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND,
PHOTOGRAPHED AFTER VISITING MR. MELLON, SECRETARY
OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

Though Mr. Mellon's visit to Europe was declared to be of a purely personal nature, he has recently had several conferences with the Prime Minister and with Mr. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England. At one of these—in the House of Commons on June 18—Mr. Henderson was also present.

MR. ANDREW MELLON, SECRETARY OF THE UNITED STATES
TREASURY—A RECENT VISITOR TO ENGLAND: A STRIKING
PORTRAIT BY MR. FRANK O. SALISBURY.

Mr. Andrew W. Mellon arrived at Southampton on June 16. He stated that the object of his visit was purely personal—he had not come to England to meet any financiers officially—and that he would stay a week or so and see his son, who is an undergraduate at Clare College, Cambridge.

CAPTAIN FRANK HAWKS'S SUCCESSFUL SECOND ATTEMPT TO FLY TO ROME AND BACK IN A DAY:
THE AIRMAN IN HIS MACHINE ON HIS RETURN TO CROYDON.

Captain Frank Hawks, the American airman, flew to Rome and back on June 17, in 9 hrs. 38 min. He averaged 190 m.p.h. Our readers will remember that on his previous attempt to fly to Rome and back in a day he was forced down in France owing to lack of petrol. Captain Hawks left Croydon at 5.30 a.m., arriving in Rome at 10.8 a.m.—his average speed on the outward flight being 200 m.p.h. In 1929 he broke the records for both the East-to-West and West-to-East flights across America.

HERR R. KRONFELD, THE FIRST MAN TO GLIDE ACROSS THE CHANNEL
AND BACK IN A DAY—ON JUNE 20.

Herr Robert Kronfeld, the German glider pilot, accomplished the double flight across the Channel in a soaring glider on the evening of June 20. He glided upwind from St. Inglevert Aerodrome to Dover in two hours, and on the return flight, made largely in darkness, the actual sea crossing took him 20 minutes. In both cases he was towed to the necessary starting-height by an aeroplane.



Unchanged in
a changing
world



DEWAR'S

'White Label' Whisky!

LIMNED BY AN ETCHER'S NEEDLE: FOUR FAMOUS MEN—BY TITTLE.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ETCHINGS AND DRY-POINTS OF PEOPLE AND PLACES BY WALTER TITTLE;
NOW ON VIEW AT THE LEICESTER GALLERIES.



JACOB EPSTEIN, THE FAMOUS SCULPTOR, WHOSE WORK, EVER PROVOCATIVE, HAS AROUSED THE KEENEST CONTROVERSY IN RECENT YEARS—PARTICULARLY "GENESIS"; "RIMA," OF HYDE PARK; AND "NIGHT" AND "MORNING," OF THE UNDERGROUND.



JASCHA HEIFETZ, THE GREAT VIOLINIST, WHO MADE HIS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT THE TENDER AGE OF FOUR AND A-HALF, BOASTS A CLASSICAL AND MODERN RÉPERTOIRE OF REMARKABLE RANGE, AND HAS GIVEN RECITALS IN ALL QUARTERS OF THE WORLD.



R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM, THE DISTINGUISHED WRITER, TRAVELLER, AND FORMER SOCIALIST POLITICIAN AND M.P., WHOSE BRILLIANT, PICTURESQUE WORK IS SO OFTEN COLOURED BY HIS DEEP FEELING FOR PEOPLE AND THINGS SPANISH AND HIS INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE OF THEM.



JAMES MCBEY, THE NOTABLE ETCHER AND PAINTER, WHOSE WORKS COVER PEACE SUBJECTS FROM VARIOUS COUNTRIES AND GREAT WAR SUBJECTS SKETCHED WHEN HE WAS OFFICIAL ARTIST WITH THE E.E.F. IN PALESTINE AND SYRIA.—A PROOF ON PAPER FROM REMBRANDT'S STUDIO.

Our readers are very familiar with the work of that well-known American artist, Mr. Walter Tittle. They will recall, for instance, his series of "Portraits of Personalities," which was published by us in 1925. They will be glad to learn, therefore, that an exhibition of his etchings and dry-points—"People and Places"—is now in being at the Leicester Galleries, and will continue until July 7. Here we reproduce four characteristic drawings from the show in question. As to the subjects, it is interesting to recall that Jacob Epstein is of Russian-Polish parentage, and was born in New York in 1880. When he was only twenty-seven he was commissioned to execute eighteen figures to decorate the new building of the British Medical Association, in the Strand and Agar

Street. These sculptures immediately aroused the keenest controversy; and the same can be said of many of their successors. Jascha Heifetz, who was born at Vilna in 1901, is the son of a professional violinist and music teacher. As a violinist, he is one of the greatest interpreters of the day. R. B. Cunninghame Graham was born in 1852. He spent much of his youth cattle-farming in the Argentine. Though of Scottish descent, he had a Spanish grandmother, and this, no doubt, accounts largely for his love of things Spanish. James McBey, who was born at Newburgh, Aberdeenshire, in 1883, began etching at seventeen. The etched portrait given above bears the legend: "McBey gave me this paper. It came from Rembrandt's studio and the volume bore his sale mark. W. T."

THE TEMPLE OF ISHTAR AT NINEVEH FOUND AT LAST!

NEW DISCOVERIES ON THE SITE OF "AN EXCEEDING GREAT CITY": THE SHRINE OF A GODDESS;
TOMBS; AND ART TREASURES OF THE THIRD MILLENNIUM B.C.

By R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON, Director of the British Museum Excavations at Nineveh. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

NINEVEH is a site of unknown possibilities. It consists of low undulating ploughlands of red-brown earth and two large mounds enclosed within a rampart eight miles round. The larger mound, Kouyunjik, rich in all the pleasant romance of archæology, is half a mile long. It was here that Botta, the French Consul at Mosul, some eighty years ago, dug the first test-pits, unsuccessfully: then, on behalf of the British Museum (which has since always conducted the work here), Layard discovered the magnificent palace of Sennacherib, with its library: then followed Hormuzd Rassam, with the palace of Ashurbanipal and another part of the library; then came George Smith, who identified the Assyrian story of the Flood; and then, in more modern times, Sir Ernest Budge, who carried on the clearing of Sennacherib's palace, and Dr. L. W. King, who, in 1903-4, dug a network of trenches in search of other buildings, particularly the Temples of Ishtar and Nabu. He found a small palace of Sennacherib on the eastern side, and then, after he had gone home in 1904, leaving me to carry on, the Temple of Nabu came to light.

These excavations closed down in 1905, and the British Museum did not reopen them until 1927, when I and Mr. R. W. Hutchinson as my assistant, with funds provided by the British Museum, the Sladen Memorial, and my college, Merton, cleared the rest of the Temple. At the end of our season, we came on traces of a palace of Ashurnasirpal (ninth century B.C.), and this was the bait which drew us again in 1929, this time a party of four, including my wife and Miss Campbell Shaw, with funds provided from Miss Gertrude Bell's Bequest, the Sladen Memorial, the Society of Antiquaries, some private benefactors, and, after these moneys had been collected, by Sir Charles Hyde, who has long taken a practical interest in archæology, now not only making the completion of the 1929 season possible, but generously financing the next two.

The palace itself proved to have been much destroyed, but among many other things we found several brick-paintings of the ninth century, black, white, and yellow, here published for the first time (Figs. 1, 2, and 3). This palace at that time lay at the foot of a slope, and it was towards the end of the season that the most exciting result showed itself at the top—a solid mass some six feet thick lying about seven feet below the surface, made of good Assyrian unburnt bricks. Only the edge was showing when we closed down for the season, and speculation ran high whether it could be the great Temple of Ishtar, which, as we knew from Sennacherib's description, must have lain somewhere near.

This was the problem which this last season (1930-31) has solved. With Mr. R. W. Hamilton as my assistant, my wife, and her



FIG. 4. THE GREAT DISCOVERY OF LAST SEASON AT NINEVEH: THE LONG-SOUGHT TEMPLE OF ISHTAR, GODDESS OF LOVE AND WAR, REBUILT BY ASHURNASIRPAL IN THE 9TH CENTURY B.C.—BUILDINGS BELIEVED TO BE THE TEMPLE TOWER.

friend, Miss M. Hallett, the work was begun again last October, and it was not long before the proof was forthcoming. Remains of a pavement of fine inscribed burnt bricks *in situ* showed how Ashurnasirpal (ninth century B.C.) had rebuilt the Temple of Ishtar (Fig. 4); and, if this were not enough, we found also the base of a sculpture of the same king in its original position, with an inscription on the back which showed (after we had put its scattered pieces together) that he had erected it in the Temple after an expedition against the land of Mehri to fetch wood for his buildings. The Temple of Ishtar had at last been found.

But, alas! like so many buildings here, it had been gutted. Originally built on a foundation covering an area of some 230 ft. by 130 ft., it had been first looted in the débâcle of 612 B.C., and then had become the prey of

irreverent newcomers. The Parthians, some hundreds of year later, ravaged its ruins for stones for their own walls and for clay for their own bricks, and now the fine foundation is honeycombed with their pits, in which they have left their old crocks, coins, little images, and rings. Yet, in spite of this, the smaller Assyrian finds have been good.

Near the edge of the foundation these Parthians had made a roadway and had built their houses alongside it, and in some of these we found about fifty very delicate little pots, with lugs bored vertically, plain, incised, or even painted, and also much of the black-painted ware, the like of which is found in S. Mesopotamia and Persia. Now, these classes date back to about 2500-3000 B.C. (Figs. 9, 10, and 12), and yet here was a great deposit of

them in the Parthian period. The only explanation which has occurred to us at present is that there must have been some Parthian virtuoso who collected antiquities, like Nabonidus, the Babylonian king, many years before.

If this be so, it would explain the presence of our two best finds, which came

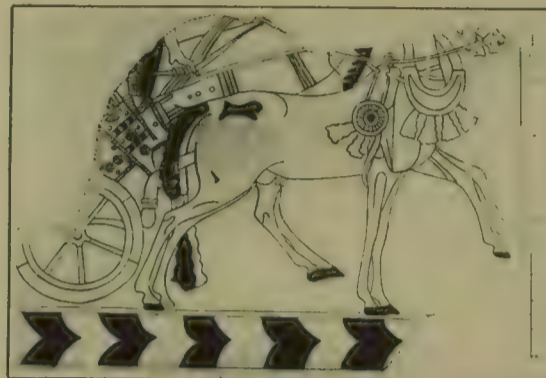


FIG. 3. THE KING'S CHARIOT: A DESIGN ON A PAINTED BRICK FROM THE PALACE OF ASHURNASIRPAL (9TH CENTURY B.C.).

The scale of measurement on the right represents 11 inches.



FIG. 2. DATING FROM THE 9TH CENTURY B.C.: A PAINTED BRICK FROM THE PALACE OF ASHURNASIRPAL.

The size of the figures is indicated by the scale (on right) representing 10 inches.

from this neighbourhood, certainly not lower than the Parthian level. The first, and by far the best (now in the Baghdad Museum), was a life-size bronze or copper head (Figs. 6 and 8), to all appearance dating back to the Third Millennium B.C., which had obviously been brought from Babylonia, probably by an Assyrian king in some war. The second was a large and nearly complete stone cylinder of the King Shamshi-Adad, presumably I., c. 1840 B.C., inscribed in archaic Assyrian cuneiform, in which he speaks of the famous Babylonian King Manishtushu (he calls him Manishtishu), the son of Sargon, c. 2500 B.C., as having founded a building in the precincts of the Temple of Ishtar.

Near the Temple we found seven very interesting arched tombs of unburnt brick, with vaulted openings some 8 ft. high, blocked with the same kind of brick (Fig. 5). These can be dated to the Third Millennium B.C., by the crude bowls and a spouted pot (seen in Fig. 12) placed as offerings under and in them; but so far we have found no interment of importance, and it will remain to be seen next season whether the dead were carefully hidden therein against the depredations of hostile kings.

Of small finds we have numerous pieces of cuneiform tablets from the time of Tiglath-Pileser I. (1100 B.C.) to the seventh century B.C., among them being a good piece of a syllabary or sign-list with linguistic values; a piece of a poetic epic about the wars of the Kassites which took place towards the end of the Second Millennium; a letter to the king (eighth-seventh century B.C.), telling him that on such and such a day an earthquake took place and describing the damage done; and a simple, soldierly letter from an officer who announces

his bare arrival in a town and that all the king's servants with him are well. Two of the smaller objects stand out as of great interest: an alabaster vase carved with two lions rampant on the sides (Fig. 7), certainly of early date (now in Baghdad); and a bronze spear-head, found so close to the bronze head that it must have belonged to it, inscribed in cuneiform; but until it has been properly treated at home the legend cannot be read. There is no space here to mention numerous other inscriptions on stone or brick, cylinder seals, figurines of clay or stone, and all the other collections of pot, bronze, or glass, or the flint implements and flakes, which the excavations have afforded. Not unnaturally, with these finds we look forward with keen interest to another season which Sir Charles Hyde's largesse has made possible.



FIG. 5. WHERE FURTHER INTERESTING DISCOVERIES ARE EXPECTED: ARCHED TOMBS OF UNBURNT BRICK, AT NINEVEH, DATING FROM ABOUT 2500 B.C.—BENEATH ONE OF WHICH WAS FOUND THE SPOUTED POT SEEN ON THE RIGHT IN FIG. 12 (OPPOSITE PAGE).

THE ART OF NINEVEH 4000 YEARS AGO:



FIG. 6. THE BEST "FIND" OF LAST SEASON AT NINEVEH: A MAGNIFICENT BRONZE OR COPPER LIFE-SIZE BABYLONIAN HEAD, PROBABLY UNIQUE, DATING FROM ABOUT 3000 B.C.



FIG. 7. FROM NINEVEH: AN ALABASTER VASE, OF EARLY DATE, CARVED WITH TWO LIONS RAMPANT ON THE SIDES.

TREASURES OF BRONZE AND PAINTED POTTERY.



FIG. 8. A PROFILE VIEW OF THE HEAD SEEN IN FIG. 6: A TREASURE PROBABLY LOOTED FROM BABYLONIA (ABOUT 2200 B.C.) AND TAKEN TO NINEVEH BY ASHURBANIPAL.



FIG. 9. EXAMPLES OF PAINTED POTTERY, DATING FROM ABOUT 2500 B.C., FOUND AT NINEVEH: BOWLS AND PEDESTALS—SOME DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF BIRDS.



FIG. 10. PAINTED POTTERY DATING FROM ABOUT 2500 B.C. DECORATED WITH FIGURES OF HORNED AND LONG-NECKED ANIMALS: SOME OF THE NUMEROUS FRAGMENTS FOUND ON THE SITE OF NINEVEH.



FIG. 11. POTTERY OF A MUCH LATER PERIOD, BUT ABOUT 2000 YEARS OLD: PARTHIAN WARE AT NINEVEH, DATING FROM ABOUT 200 B.C. TO 200 A.D.

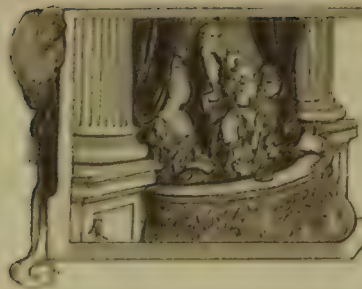


FIG. 12. POTTERY OVER 4000 YEARS OLD: EXAMPLES INCLUDING A SPOUTED POT (RIGHT FOREGROUND) FOUND UNDER THE TOMBS SHOWN IN FIG. 5 (OPPOSITE PAGE).

Very interesting and important discoveries were made on the site of Nineveh during last season's excavations by the British Museum Expedition under Mr. R. Campbell Thompson, who describes the results in his article on the opposite page. As he there mentions, the work has been largely financed by Sir Charles Hyde. The chief discovery was that of the long-sought Temple of Ishtar, goddess of love and war, and an inscription was found, on a burnt brick, recording that the temple had been rebuilt by Ashurnasirpal, King of Assyria from 884 to 860 B.C. Even more interesting than the temple ruins were some of the smaller "finds," including metal-work and pottery dating from far earlier periods. Among

these the principal treasure is the life-size bronze or copper head shown above in Figs. 6 and 8. Mr. Thompson describes this head as "unique, or almost so; a magnificent piece of work." It is an early Babylonian relic, dating from about 3000 B.C., and is thus nearly 5000 years old. A note on the photographs states that it was probably looted by the Elamites from Babylonia about 2200 B.C., and then again looted and brought to Nineveh by King Ashurbanipal. The surprising fact that much early painted pottery, belonging to the Third Millennium B.C., was found at a level representing the Parthian occupation hundreds of years later, may be due to some Parthian collector of antiquities.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY MR. R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.)



The World of the Theatre.



"THE GREAT STUPIDITY": THE PLAYWRIGHT'S RESPONSIBILITY.

THE phrase is Flaubert's—Gustave Flaubert, who set out to compile the *Annals of Human Stupidity*, amassing volumes of notes, as Maupassant relates, during the years he

intellectual solutions, on science rather than nescience, on reason rather than on revelation. It is possible to suffer from too much knowledge, or rather, too much of one kind of knowledge, as the parodist remarked of the botanist—

"A primrose by a river's brim
Dicotyledon was to him
And nothing more."

Is not that precisely what some of our young experimental dramatists are doing when they make their intellectual assaults on the illusion and put the love impulse under a laboratory lamp? Lenormand and his school are not concerned with exciting eroticism, but in discovering its nature. The most intimate relationships of man and woman are exhibited. Everything, yet nothing, is here. And why? Because they approach the living soul with a method which makes a virtue of objectivity. Goethe, Ibsen, and Tolstoy knew better, for they divined a spiritual method of investigating spiritual things. They had learned how to "apprehend more than cool reason ever comprehends."

A more familiar illustration of this attitude can be discovered by looking through the novels on a bookstall. Nearly half of them are amateur treatises on psychology, bio-chemistry, and biology, and one wonders what many playwrights would do without Freud. It was Keats who said there was



SIGNOR BENVENUTO FRANCI IN THE GUISE OF RIGOLETTO, A RÔLE HE RENDERED IN SUCH ADMIRABLY "FULL-BLOODED" FASHION DURING THE SEASON OF GRAND OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN THAT HE WON A SPECIAL OVATION



SIGNOR BENVENUTO FRANCI, THE MAN: THE SINGER WHOSE DON CARLO IN "IL FORZA DEL DESTINO" AND RIGOLETTO IN THE VERDI OPERA, AT COVENT GARDEN, HAVE MUCH INCREASED HIS FAME.



COMMENDATORE BENIAMINO GIGLI, THE MAN: THE WORLD-FAMOUS TENOR WHO SANG IN "RIGOLETTO" AND IN "LA BOHÈME" DURING THE CURRENT SEASON AT COVENT GARDEN.



COMMENDATORE BENIAMINO GIGLI, THE SINGER: THE WORLD-FAMOUS TENOR AS RODOLFO, IN "LA BOHÈME"; A PART TAKEN BY HIM AT COVENT GARDEN.

pursued his extraordinary task. In the end his satire, "Bouvard et Pechuchet," proved a melancholy tribute to stupidity itself, for the intolerable burden he had assumed milled out all the joyousness of his spirit and the colour of his style, rendering his genius infertile. How could it be otherwise?—for the artist is concerned with the bright consummate essences, not with facts and figures. The notebook mania and the preoccupation with the logic of existence are fatal to the creative faculty, for they permit no free voyaging of the mind. They confuse literal truth with artistic truth, that perception of imagination, feeling, sensibility—call it what you will—which cannot be measured by mathematical calculation nor verified by science. If a record of facts is a work of art, then a Government Blue-Book and a Railway Time-Table fall within the category.

What an indictment of the stupidities of the theatre could a Flaubert of to-day compile! It has always stretched like a sick patient on its bed of distress and despair, and in every age there have been medicine men with their prophylactics. In our time, there can be no gainsaying that its situation is critical. The theatre in the provinces is almost dead, while in London, though new theatres continue to open, the continual procession of first nights after short runs is symptomatic of its disease. Every conceivable cause has been diagnosed—the competition of the films, of the weather and the dinner hour, out-of-date buildings, high prices for seats, profit rentals, poor plays, and commercial dishonesty. The playwright, manager, producer, and actor have all been put into the box and found guilty. True enough, these are all contributory factors, and any effort to remedy these defects and taints is all to the good. But we must search deeper than these obvious and external signs for an answer. And where must we look? To the prevailing philosophy, which draws its sustenance from natural science rather than from art. More and more do we rely on



MADAME IDA RUBINSTEIN, WHOSE FIRST ENGLISH SEASON OPENS AT COVENT GARDEN ON JULY 6: THE FAMOUS DANCER AND ACTRESS AS "LA PRINCESSE CYGNE," IN RIMSKY-KORSAKOV'S BALLET OF THAT NAME.

Following the close of the season of opera at Covent Garden, the curtain will rise on Madame Ida Rubinstein's first English season, on July 6. She will bring two companies with her from Paris: one of French actors and actresses to support her in "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien"; the other of Russian dancers for her ballets, of which she intends to present ten. "Le Martyre de Saint Sébastien," it will be recalled, was specially written for her by Gabriele d'Annunzio; with music by Claude Debussy.

once a rainbow in heaven till it was explained away. Illusions become delusions, and the spiritual aspirations of mankind meet with the Pharisee's hiss of derision. Life is only intellectually appreciated.

Its coherence and organic force is not felt, nor conceived imaginatively as a mystery, but analysed as a fact. We have no poetic drama to-day, though we have inherited the greatest poetic drama since Ancient Athens. We have very little imaginative drama, and the best we possess is intellectually governed. The characters are flat, neat, and never superfluous, though life is full of superfluous people. The dialogue is well turned; smart, and snappy, teasing the mind, but with no beauty to enlarge its vision. Our factual interests have turned the stage into a debating platform for the discussion of moral, social, and economic problems; or cramped the vision of the playwright to meticulous observations of life in Kensington or a City office.

Admitting their intellectual power and sincerity of purpose—we can ill afford to lose the fervour of the moralist—admitting the delicacy of analysis and sympathetic portraiture, the canvas is narrowed, and a melancholy tone prevails. This of the best of them. But what of the others? I have seen three plays within the last fortnight that had practically no sense of character nor of the theatre. And the craftsmen, who know how to say nothing so well, tell the same old stories of infidelity, love complexes, and sophisticated niceties of our overripe metropolitan civilisation, with infinite variations on the same theme, till the public, wearying for something richer and fuller, escape to the cinema, where at least they can see pictures of Nature "red in tooth and claw," and of jostling crowds in busy thoroughfares bustling with energy. The brittle artificialities and smart comedies of the West End mean nothing to the Durham miners or the cotton-spinners of Lancashire. Yet it is from London that the provincial theatres are fed. There is disenchantment enough in the business of living, and it

[Continued on page 1126.]

THE NEMES COLLECTION SALE: HIGH-PRICED MASTERPIECES.



"FREDERICK II. OF GONZAGUA, DUKE OF MANTUA";
BY TITIAN.—SOLD TO AN AMERICAN FOR £4500.



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI," BY FRA ANGELICO,
WHICH FETCHED £5000.



"PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR," BY FRANS HALS,
WHICH FETCHED £4300.

SOME interesting prices were obtained at the sale of the Collection of the late Marzell von Nemes, the famous Hungarian magnate, which was held in Munich, June 16-19, by associated firms of auctioneers—Mensing et Fils (Frederik Muller et Cie), of Amsterdam, and Paul Cassirer and Hugo Helbing, of Munich. The following notes concern the pictures reproduced on this page. Titian's "Duke of Mantua" is, apparently, that Titian portrait of himself which

(Continued below.)



"FABIUS MAXIMUS," BY REMBRANDT, WHICH WAS SOLD TO THE RIJKS MUSEUM,
AMSTERDAM, FOR £16,750.



"DOGE LOREDANO AND SOME OF THE MEMBERS OF HIS FAMILY," BY GIOVANNI
BELLINI, WHICH WAS SOLD TO A DUTCH DEALER FOR £10,400.

Frederick promised to Otto Henry, Count Palatine and Duke of Bavaria, in a letter dated June 17, 1540. "The Adoration of the Magi," by Fra Angelico, was almost certainly painted after 1423. It is on wood. Frans Hals's "Portrait of a Scholar" bears the inscription "AETA. SUAE. 56 ANº 1640. FH." Rembrandt's "Fabijs Maximus" was probably painted for the Town Hall of Amsterdam. It is signed "Rembrandt, 1655." "The Angels' Concert," by El Greco, was part of an "Annunciation" which was in the collection of the Marquis de Urquyo in Madrid. The portrait of "Doge Loredano and some Members of his Family," is signed "IOANNES BELLINUS MCCCCCVII." It is on wood. The "Infant Jesus and Two Angels," by Filippo Lippl, has been attributed to Andrea del Verrocchio and to Botticelli, but it has been determined practically without doubt that it is the work of Filippo Lippl. It probably dates from about 1468. It is on wood.



"THE ANGELS' CONCERT," BY EL GRECO (FORMERLY PART OF AN "ANNUNCIATION"), WHICH WAS SOLD FOR £18,500,
AND IS DESTINED TO GO TO ATHENS.



"THE VIRGIN WITH THE INFANT JESUS AND TWO ANGELS"; BY FILIPPO LIPPL.—SOLD FOR £4900.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. THE NOBLE ART.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THE indignant wails of one of our foremost sporting writers over the inability of a British heavyweight at Leicester to remain in a vertical position for more than one round and some seconds drove me out into Pall Mall recently as far as the bookshop at No. 16 (Wm. H. Robinson, Ltd.), where is to be found a very varied and complete exhibition of books and prints dealing with dead and gone bruisers and the evolution of the art of self-defence. The collection is that of Sir Robert Jones and Mr. H. A. James, and has since been acquired by that ubiquitous American bookman, Mr. Gabriel Wells.

A great many of the books are small sixpenny editions written for the popular taste, and are comparatively rare, for few would think of preserving them; and the exhibition as a whole, while various items are as late as the 'nineties, illustrates remarkably well the story of the Ring in the days before the introduction of the Queensberry Rules in 1866. One can dip at random, and find wisdom and unconscious humour everywhere. Here is a little book of 1788 which has fallen open at this passage on how to train for a fight: "To go to bed exactly at nine at night and to rise at five in the morning; to breakfast at seven, rusk and wine at eleven, dine at one, chocolate at four, sup at seven, and from that hour until bedtime to be entertained with martial music (if possible) as it will tend to enable him to form an heroic state of spirits and make his dreams agreeable; and finally, add to his vivacity and serenity of thought: for his mind must not be ruffled or agitated, nor no painful sensation suffered to invade the conceptive faculties, but everything conducted with harmony and liveliness."

Another anonymous author is extremely ingenious: "It may be presumed that Abel died under his brother's blows, for want of a good second to prevent unfair play. Jacob wrestled with an Angel who hammed him and gave him an unfair fall, and for that reason the sinew is taken from the leg by the Jews to this day, which occasions that joint to cut a different appearance upon their tables, than it does upon ours. The Egyptian who had the misfortune to encounter Moses, was under the same dilemma, his antagonist being too powerful for him. . . . Had he had a good second, Moses might have had another bout."

By the time of the Regency, writers were becoming a little less solemn, until by the 1820's we find them bursting into a jaunty and vivid journalese which is admirably illustrated by a volume of "The Fancy" of 1821. Thus: "Some rare sport had been promised in a novice-fight between a swaggering butcher-man of Greenwich, who crawled over the small fry of that seaport (so he gave it out) and a dustman of the same name. Three thousand people assembled, at the least, inclusive of a good lot from London, and the forty thieves likewise. Killbull soon found the dust in his eyes; and he caught a clicker between the ogles, which will furnish him with a pair of specks to-morrow: and this and another were the only two good blows given during a fight of forty minutes: at the termination whereof the man of blood and guts went home to 'Buy, buy, buy!' all the money

Another little book describes the battle between Dutch Sam and the Baker, fought at Moulsey Hurst in 1814, preceded by a poetical effusion. "Dutch Sam done over! The Baker's Triumph; or the Jews in the Dumps!!"

"I sing of a Baker and Jew,
Two knights of the Fist, never doubt it,
Who lately have had a set-to,
The Town are all talking about it."

The play on words, so dear to the Victorians, was no less popular before them. Says the Baker:

"On the ground I will give you a *Roll*,
If not, you may call me an oaf, Sir,
Your nose I will *rasp*, on my soul!
And swell your head like a *peck loaf*, Sir!"

And Sam, among much else, announces that he will "tip it you in the bread-basket," and that "for a fighter you're only half-baked, Sir." (By the way, is this the earliest use of the expression "bread-basket" in sporting literature?)

One little history contains a selection of boxing challenges of the year 1742. The following is a specimen of the customary bombast: "Whereas I, John Francis (commonly known by the name of the Jumping Soldier) who have always had the reputation of a good fellow, and have fought several bruisers in the streets, etc., nor am I afraid to mount the stage, especially at a time when my manhood is called in question by an *Irish braggadocio* buffer whom I fought in a bye-battle some time since at Tottenham Court, for twelve minutes, and though I had not the success due to my courage and ability in the art of Boxing, do invite him to fight me for two guineas, at the time and place above-mentioned, when I doubt not but I shall give him the truth of a good beating."

In addition to about 120 books on the subject, there are forty-nine prints and pictures, of considerable historical but no æsthetic interest: the collection would be immensely improved in this respect by the addition of one or two characteristic Rowlandson drawings.

An exceptionally attractive item is a Dutch book of 1674 adorned by unusually good en-

gravings showing a gentleman vanquishing a footpad by methods which, to my untutored eye, are nearer those of ju-jitsu than wrestling as we know it; there is also the manuscript of this book with the original drawings.



A METHOD OF DISABLING A FOOTPAD: THE ASSAULTED AND WEAPONLESS PEDESTRIAN (LEFT) TWISTS HIS ASSAILANT'S KNIFE-ARM AND LAYS IT OVER HIS SHOULDER.

DEFENCE AGAINST THE "GUNMAN" OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY: PICTURES DESIGNED TO TEACH THE WEAPON- LESS PEDESTRIAN HOW TO DEFEAT A FOOTPAD ARMED WITH A KNIFE.

The illustrations on this page are from Nicolaes Petter's book on the Art of Wrestling, published in Amsterdam in 1674. Evidently "wrestling," as known to the worthy expert in question, included something of boxing, of la savate, and of a species of ju-jitsu!

Reproductions by Courtesy of
Messrs. Wm. H. Robinson, Ltd.

minus. At one time during this tremendous conflict, the butcher caught hold of, and tugged at the ears of Dust; in return for

which, the latter tweaked his antagonist by the nose. 'It vont do, I tell ye: it vont do,' exclaimed the butcher to his second. We left Daddy and Mammy Manchester much refreshed with their son's winnings, congratulating each other on this product of their earliest loves, and quite jolly upon the joyful occasion."

This periodical depicts a singularly horrible London, the chief events of which were badger-baiting,



HOW TO DISARM THE FOOTPAD: THE PEDESTRIAN (RIGHT), TO BREAK HIS ASSAILANT'S KNIFE-HAND, LIFTS THE MAN'S ARM OVER HIS HEAD AND OVER HIS OTHER SHOULDER.



COUNTERING THE FOOTPAD'S KNIFE-ATTACK: THE PEDESTRIAN (LEFT) CATCHES HOLD OF HIS ATTACKER'S WRIST, TWISTS IT ROUND BEHIND THE MAN'S BACK, AND PUTS HIS LEFT FOOT BEHIND THE MAN'S KNEE.



TURNING THE ASSAILANT'S WEAPON AGAINST HIMSELF: THE PEDESTRIAN (LEFT) HOLDS THE ATTACKER'S ARM WITH BOTH HIS HANDS, AND, WITH HIS LEFT FOOT, CAUSES HIM TO FALL AND STAB HIMSELF WITH THE KNIFE.



ANOTHER WAY OF DISARMING THE ATTACKER OPEN TO THE UNARMED PEDESTRIAN: THE PEDESTRIAN (RIGHT), BY KICKING THE ATTACKER'S WRIST AS HE TRIES TO GIVE HIM AN UPPER-CUT, MAKES HIM DROP THE KNIFE.

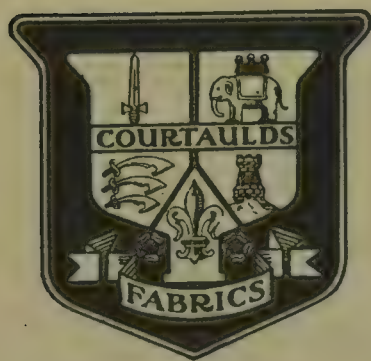
and fights between dogs and a monkey, and interminable scraps between champions—but, for all its brutality, the scraps were scraps for a few pounds, and not fantastic exhibitions of pseudo-science for many thousands.



charm

To-day, Dress-
charm—of line, of
colour, of texture—
is mostly a matter of
access to the largest
ranges of Fabrics.
The woman who best
displays that charm
owes her conquests
to knowledge...her
most heavenly "Cre-
ations" are due to
Courtaulds' Fabrics.

On the beaches, about the countryside,
in exclusive salons, the sheer loveliness
of *Courtaulds' Fabrics* has countless
expressions. Loveliness fortified against
air and sun and soiling. Loveliness
guaranteed to its glad possessors—
because they ask explicitly for
Courtaulds' Fabrics.



COURTAULDS

DRESS & LINGERIE FABRICS

LADIES SHOULD LOOK FOR THE COURTAULD HOUSE MARK
WHEN BUYING DRESS AND LINGERIE FABRICS. IT IS A
GUARANTEE OF QUALITY AND SATISFACTORY SERVICE.

SOLD BY LEADING
DRAPERS AND STORES.

If any difficulty in obtaining Courtaulds' Dress and Lingerie Fabrics, please write for name of nearest retailer
and descriptive literature to COURTAULDS LTD. (Dept. F17), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, LONDON, E.C. 1

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 1122.)

should be the function of drama not to strip us of our protective fictions, as is its wont, but to reveal the significance of our ludicrous existence.

There is still a public waiting for the theatre. The success of the Amateur Dramatic Movement is one piece of evidence. It is still possible to discover successes on the London stage. Successes are not accidents—some individual merits, either of the play or players or both; some originality in theme or treatment; some factor which arouses enthusiasm, is responsible. And it is no use gibing at the theatre of commerce. In the strictest sense, the theatre has always been commercial in so far as it depended on its patrons. In more spacious and simpler times, their salutary ignorance permitted them to see visions and dream dreams. The Greek poetic genius created the sunlit figures of the Olympians, and Shakespeare could cry, as he rough-hewed life out of chaos, "The lunatic, the lover, and the poet are of imagination all compact." The patron to-day, stranded in a complex world, can get no inspiration from the intelligentsia who deny it. He has lost the sense of human greatness, shut up in his pen from which he cannot escape. So he laughs. Recommend a play to the Kippes and Babbitts and they always ask, "Is it funny?" Good farce never lacks an audience—it is a tribute to sanity; for the burden of our *Miserabilismus* is to be spiritually homeless.

We have been overwhelmed by logic; "that way madness lies." The logic of science has infected our art and destroyed the rapture of the theatre. The spiritual influence of Ibsen has exhausted itself in logic—in propaganda plays, in psycho-analytical studies, in rational self-conscious characters, in type actors; while life outside the theatre, the world in which we move and have our being, the world the dramatist should mirror, remains irrational and unpredictable. Every great art movement during the last eight centuries, from the Gothic to our own, has ossified in logic. It is strangely paradoxical, in an age so rich in intellectual conquests; with so many marvellous achievements, with so many examples of heroic adventure against overwhelming odds to wake its imagination, that our dramatists should still be peddling their small wares. Let them take inspiration where it is to be found, and recover

their faith in the reality of man's spiritual worth and the ascensional tendency which is the profoundest thing in us, and there will follow a renaissance in the theatre, for then men will not come empty away.

G. F. H.

The National Institute of Industrial Psychology is an interesting modern organisation, for it seeks to apply psychology to industry, with a view to lightening the worker's burden and increasing his efficiency and happiness. It was established in 1921, is non-political, and has Viscount D'Abernon as President, and the Marquess of Reading, Sir Josiah Stamp, and the Rt. Hon. William Graham as Vice-Presidents. Its aim is to reduce the waste of human energy throughout industry, and it effects this by employing a staff of expert investigators who study the human factor among workers of all grades. One of its branches deals with what is called "Vocational Guidance and Selection," and the Balfour Memorial Appeal is being launched to collect funds for this important section. It is obvious that the successful application of vocational guidance would save the waste and unhappiness caused by putting the "square peg in the round hole." Viscountess D'Abernon held a drawing-room meeting a few days ago to explain the work of vocational guidance, to appeal for subscriptions, and to obtain new members (minimum subscription, £1). Mr. H. Ward, M.Sc., is the General Secretary of the Institute, which has its headquarters at Aldwych House.

In order to afford those who are interested in British Columbia an opportunity of seeing the country at an exceptional advantage, from the point of view of business or permanent residence, the Agent-General for British Columbia is arranging, in conjunction with the Canadian Pacific Railway, a six weeks' tour of Canada's Pacific Coast Province, under the personal direction of Mr. W. A. McAdam, the Secretary to the Government Office in London. As the departure of the party in the Canadian Pacific liner *Duchess of Richmond* from Liverpool is fixed for July 31, all interested are requested to write immediately to the London Office of the British Columbia Government, British Columbia House, 1-3, Regent Street, London, S.W.1, for particulars of the itinerary. The party will return to Liverpool, arriving Sept. 16. The estimated cost of the tour, including cabin class accommodation and first-class rail and sleepers, hotel accommodation and meals, inclusive of gratuities, except on the boat, is £165.

"SCHLIEMANN OF TROY."

(Continued from Page 1100.)

a scholar," he admitted, and Sir Arthur Evans observes: "He was not an archaeologist in the received sense of the word. He was singularly lacking in artistic discrimination, and the more barbarously wrought some of his objects were, the more they seemed to please him. 'Hera' idols and clay cows of the most decadent age positively delighted him." He cannot even be given the credit for having discovered the site of Troy; nor did he ever come upon the remains of the Homeric City. That "Treasure," the discovery of which marked the high-water mark of his life, belonged to the second city, not the sixth. It was not, after all, the treasure of Priam.

This the German archaeologists were quick to point out; indeed, nowhere were Schliemann's discoveries so little valued as in his own country. In England, however, he made many converts, the most redoubtable being Gladstone, who supported him with more ardour, perhaps, than discretion. Schliemann bitterly resented the hostility of his countrymen. It was not until 1879 that the breach was healed. He and Virchow were digging together at Troy; Virchow picked a sprig of flowering blackthorn and handed it to his companion, saying: "A nosegay from Ankershagen." The very same day Schliemann "brought up the question whether it would not be best to take his collections from London (where they were on exhibition) to Berlin."

Even his detractors could not deny that Schliemann was phenomenally lucky. Wherever he put in his spade, at Troy, or at Mycenæ, or at Tiryns, it brought up something of value. And even if he did not always put the correct interpretation on his finds, his energy and enthusiasm gave to the science of archaeology a tremendous impetus, and invested it with the romance and glamour in which his own character was so rich. "Schliemann could not live except in a state of perpetual emotionalism, of exaggeration of all his joys and sorrows," says Dr. Ludwig. "He was always, as it were, translating his existence into hexameters." Always lucky, he has been fortunate in his biographer. Dr. Ludwig loves a dramatic subject; the vivid contrasts in Schliemann's career, the lights and shadows, are exactly suited to his style of portraiture. "Schliemann of Troy" is a very fine piece of work. Its one fault is that it lacks an index. L. P. H.

proved longer flight



Photo. by Aeroflms, Ltd.

ITALY

for

**CHEAP, ENCHANTING and
UNFORGETTABLE HOLIDAYS
AT ANY SEASON of the YEAR.**

**ALL SPORTS
SEA AND SUN BATHING
NO OPPRESSIVE HEAT IN
SUMMER**

No State Taxes. No Restrictions.

Ask any of the principal Tourist Offices for a copy of
"INEXPENSIVE SUMMER HOLIDAYS in ITALY."



(Registered Trade Mark.)
Silver King

NEW WIDE MESH GOLF BALL

Obtainable from all Golf Professionals and Sports Dealers.

MAKERS: THE SILVERTOWN COMPANY, 100-106, CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

BETTER MILK FOR BABIES



B

Baby's gaining now, thanks to

LACTOGEN

Another eight ounces this week! Flesh firm, good bone, sturdy limbs. Digestion sound as a bell, and the energy! In fact, ever since Mother put Baby on Lactogen he has picked up marvellously.

Lactogen is pure, fresh, full-cream milk with extra cream and milk sugar added, dried and made by the Lactogen process as digestible as breast milk (Baby's perfect food) and in all important respects like breast milk.

Lactogen contains all the food elements your Baby needs to make him healthy and happy with sound organs of digestion, dense bone, straight limbs, sturdy framework, good teeth, firm muscle, and a splendid constitution. Baby can take Lactogen as his sole food from birth, or for alternate or supplementary feeds.

The rich pure milk for Lactogen comes from specially selected herds that graze on sweet English meadowlands. Close inspection, rigorous tests, hygienic packing, ensure absolute purity and unvarying quality.

Even the most delicate babies thrive and grow strong on Lactogen. Doctors and Nurses say "Put Baby on Lactogen."

LACTOGEN
REGD. TRADE MARK
BETTER MILK FOR BABIES
PER **2/9** TIN
From all Chemists

FREE LACTOGEN SAMPLE & BOOKLET
Start your Baby right! Send for the useful little booklet "Early Days" and a Free Sample of Lactogen—the Better Milk for Babies. For Baby's sake send now!

THE LACTOGEN BABY BUREAU (Dept. A N 12),
St. George's House, Eastcheap, London, E.C.3.

Lactogen is a Nestlé's Product and is obtainable in all countries

SWAN & EDGAR

Piccadilly Circus - The hub of the World

Sale

BEGINS
MONDAY,
JUNE 29th.



"Southwold."

Fashionable Tweed Coat with revers and collar of ponyskin. This model is made in smart diagonal Tweed, and cut on semi-fitting lines. In brown with brown pony, and green or navy with black pony. Sizes: S.W., W. and F.W.

Sale price **5½ Gns.**



"Brisson."

This embroidered unlined Georgette Coat worn over any frock, would give a smart two-piece effect. The back is semi-fitting, and sleeves are finished with unique embroidered pieces to match hem. In beige, grey, navy, nigger, black or green. Sizes: S.W., W. and F.W.

Sale price **£5**



"Belmont."

This smart belted model for travel or sports wear is made in Camel Hair, and is cut on exceedingly becoming lines with the new storm collar. Made in three sizes: S.W., W. and F.W.

Sale price **5½ Gns.**



"Trilby."

Swan & Edgar, Ltd.



C.14.

London, W. 1.

"Trilby" (at left).—Reliable Mackintosh in Indiana, guaranteed waterproof. In easy slip-on shape, with raglan sleeves and adjustable collar. Trimmed contrasting shades. In beige, chocolate, navy, saxe, reseda, bottle, red or black. Sizes: 40 to 48 ins.

Sale price **18/6**

C.14 (at right).—Perfectly tailored Suit, an example of a large collection. In various new suitings ideal for present wear. In all new shades. Sizes: S.W., W., F.W. and O.S.

Sale price **50/-**

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

OF
The Illustrated London News

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months including Double Nos.	Three months no extras.
AT HOME ..	£3 4s. od.	£1 14s. od.	15s. od.
CANADA ..	£3 1s. 8d.	£1 12s. 6d.	14s. 8d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 11s. 4d.	£1 17s. 6d.	17s. od.

ORDER FORM

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Illustrated London News,
INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2

Please send me THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS weekly for _____ months, commencing with the issue of _____ for which

I enclose _____

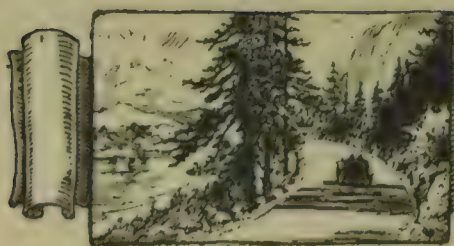
Name _____

Address _____

Date _____ 1931

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.



THE two Riley "Alpine Six" cars which competed in the Automobile Club of Germany's 10,000-kilometre trial well upheld British prestige, both receiving first-class awards, and Mrs. Montague Johnston's Riley saloon won the Hungarian Motor Club Cup. As these two cars were the only British entries competing in a field of eighty-seven automobiles of every nationality, both Mrs. Johnston and Mr. Donald Healey, the respective owners, can be heartily congratulated on their excellent driving in this very strenuous event. I know what these trials are from personal experience, and one gets very little sleep to recuperate one's nervous system. Also the hospitality showered upon you is truly overwhelming.

In this trial, which started on May 1 for the small cars and finished on June 6 at Berlin, the 2-litre-class competitors (starting on May 22), to which the two Rileys belonged, had to cover about 408 miles each twenty-four hours. Practically every country in Southern and Central Europe was visited. Thus all sorts and conditions of roads were traversed. Under the most favourable circumstances, when an average of 30 miles an hour was possible in running time (on about four days out of the total sixteen), this was equivalent to starting at 6 a.m. and "blinding" all day until nearly 10 p.m., allowing a couple of hours in that time for meals and fuel replenishments. The course was such that most of the way the highest possible average speed was twenty miles an hour. This meant that both the Major and Mrs. Johnston and Healey and his co-driver, J. de Hallor, had to drive for twenty hours out of the twenty-four, leaving only four hours for covering all halts. There were days, these competitors informed me, when there was no spare time for sleep (except, if possible, in the car) or for sit-down meals in the Yugo-Slavian territory. All these hardships were endured for sport, as no money prizes were offered; just medals of honour and a few cups.

The way lay first across Germany, Switzerland, and France into Spain. Healey tells me that the best roads were those in Spain—thanks to King Alfonso. There were hundreds of miles of Spanish roads of excellent tar-macadam, with the bends so steeply banked the right way that really high speeds were

possible and were attained. Every variety of weather and temperature was met with. The heat in Southern Europe was so terrific that Healey had to prop the sides of the bonnet open, and

his mate sat with his feet through the open windscreen space. The steering wheels and gear levers became so hot that many drivers' hands were blistered.



A MODERN MOTORIST "OUTSPANS" AMID MONUMENTS OF HOARY ANTIQUITY AT AVEBURY, IN WILTSHIRE: AN "ECCLES" CARAVAN AND A MORRIS COWLEY CAR INSIDE THE OUTER DITCH AND MOUND; BETWEEN TWO OF THE STONES OF THE OUTER CIRCLE.

Heavy Dust in Portugal.

In Portugal competitors found that their greatest trial was the dust. It was like driving through a thick, choking fog. Thus modern competitors had a sample of what we all had in pre-war days of early touring competitions. No wonder they appreciate much better now the blessings of our tarred roads at home! Portugal did its best to make everybody comfortable, pilot cars and a repair-lorry touring the course in case help was required. The route-marking there, also, was excellent. The worst roads of all, from a speed-schedule point of view, were encountered along the north coast of Italy. There were many obstructions, all of the roads in this district being under repair. On the Italian frontier, a lady representing the Italian Automobile Club presented each competitor with a wonderful bouquet of carnations, accompanied by a gracious salutation. After a tour of Northern Italy, the cars entered the Alps, having to climb three of the most severe passes in Europe—Furka, Taun, and the Katchberg. The last-named is the steepest in Europe, six kilometres long, with a gradient of 1 in 3½. Amazing mountain roads were also encountered in

Yugo-Slavia, south of Fiume, on the way to Ragusa. One climb included seventy-six hair-pin bends!

Above the Clouds in a Thunderstorm.

Mr. Healey said that at 10 o'clock one night, when 4000 ft. above sea-level, in the mountains of Dalmatia, the competitors ran into a terrific thunderstorm. "It was eerie in the extreme to see the almost continuous lightning all around us, most of it actually in the clouds below our level." At Budapest, Healey was so far ahead of schedule that he had twelve hours' sleep in a real bed, and a swim in one of the palatial baths for which this city is famous. The Hungarian Automobile Club gave the competitors a wonderful reception, much appreciated by all the travellers. Also, with so many lady drivers in the competition, the social side of the hospitality was extremely welcome. I am

[Continued overleaf.]



A STURDY LITTLE CAR THAT HAS PROVED ITS VALUE UNDER GRUELLING TESTS IN THE ORIENT: "EMILY II."—AN AUSTIN "SEVEN"—WITH ONE OF HER OWNERS, MR. HECTOR MACQUARRIE (EXTREME RIGHT), AT ROOKBAH WELLS, IN THE LYBIAN DESERT.

Messrs. Hector MacQuarrie and Dick Matthews left London on February 23 in their Austin "Seven"—"Emily II."—for the second half of their tour round the world, and arrived at Quetta, India, on May 16. At this point, although many obstacles had been encountered, including broken bridges and swollen rivers, they had had no mechanical troubles whatsoever, except for a spring leaf broken when the car struck a rock in the desert.

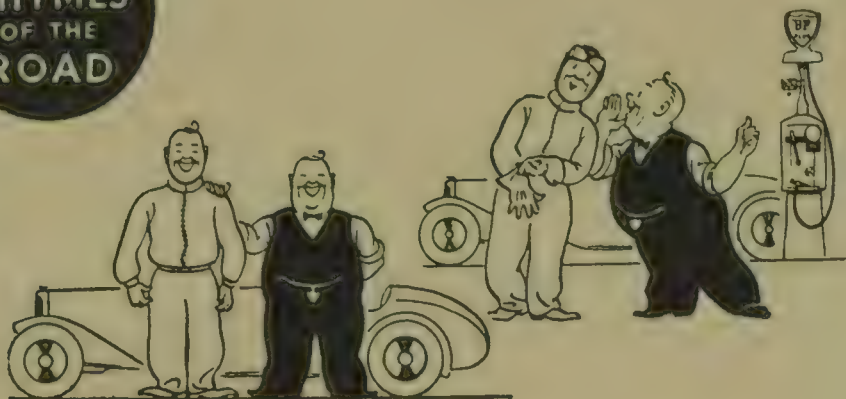


COUNTRY DELIGHTS THAT AWAIT THE MOTORIST IN THE ROMANTIC LAKE DISTRICT: A MORRIS MINOR S.V. SALOON CROSSING THE BEAUTIFUL BRATHAY BRIDGE, IN "WORDSWORTHSHIRE."



SPOKESMEN FOR BRITISH TRADE IN SOUTH AMERICA: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND PRINCE GEORGE AT A CHÂLET AT MAR DEL PLATA, IN THE ARGENTINE—THEIR HUMBER PULLMAN LIMOUSINE IN THE FOREGROUND.

'BP'
RHYMES
 OF THE
ROAD



**Tom, Tom, the pump-man's son,
 Has made another record run —**



**Over the hills,
 and down to the sea —
 (Dad's advice was; "Plus 'BP'!")**



**The blue 'BP' plus
 definitely ensures —
 instant starting +
 amazing acceler-
 ation + more M.P.G
 + fullest power +
 wonderful hill-
 climbing + freedom
 from pinking**



ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.
 BRITISH PETROLEUM CO. LTD. BRITANNIC HOUSE, MOORGATE, E.C.2
 DISTRIBUTING ORGANIZATION

TO JAPAN AND CHINA



Japan! Picturesque Nippon—land of the Rising Sun—a country bright with cherry blossoms, chrysanthemums and joyous festivals.

China! Ancient and mysterious Cathay — land of forbidden cities, ancestral arches, temples and dynastic tombs!

Visit Japan and China *this* year, and travel by the western overland route *via* Canada, crossing from Vancouver by the great White Empresses, the largest, finest and fastest ships on the Pacific.

Write for Trans-Pacific Booklet No.2

CANADIAN PACIFIC

THE WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

62-65 Charing Cross (Trafalgar Square,) London, S.W.1., 103, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C.3.
 Offices and Agencies throughout the World including 55 in Great Britain and on the Continent.

Continued
asked by the English competitors to express their thanks publicly for the kindnesses showered upon them by all the reception organisations throughout this 10,000-kilometre tour. A German police car was one of the entries, and the occupants were particularly solicitous for the English competitors' welfare. This car and Healey's Riley were the first to reach the German frontier on the return through Czecho-Slovakia. An enormous crowd had collected to welcome them at the frontier, and officials insisted on Healey broadcasting on the spot in company with these policemen. His speech was relayed through the various German wireless stations, and he wonders if he was heard by anybody in England by chance tuning-in to a German station. Among the accessory equipment on his Riley, Healey carried a horn with a peculiarly musical note, and this also was sounded and put on the ether.

Bouquets and Wreaths for Victors.

A crowd of some 100,000 strong welcomed the cars at the finishing point, the well-known Avus motor-track outside Berlin. The silent running of the English cars created favourable comment. Each competitor to finish received a wreath and a bouquet. The cars were then locked up for twenty-four hours while the officials examined and verified that the various components (on which they had stamped marks at the start) were still there and had not been changed. Then, on the Sunday—the trial finished on a Saturday—the awards were announced at a great banquet at which the English competitors were given seats at the President's table. Everybody seems to have wondered how Mrs. Montague Johnston managed always to keep so clean and fresh-looking during this tremendous tour. Healey told me that she was "a marvellous advertisement everywhere for British girlhood, for, whatever the conditions, Mrs. Johnston always turned up at controls and halts looking as fresh as a daisy and a perfect picture." Being a daughter of Sir John Foster Fraser, she has perhaps learnt the journalist's

secret of banishing fatigue when a job of work is on. Healey's Customs papers showed that in a little over a fortnight he had crossed thirty-seven frontiers. According to the A.A. touring department, this is a record in high-speed wandering. Nevertheless, he found time to take a moving-picture record of scenes on the route. But the real moral of this story is that British cars can get anywhere, and that no roads on which other vehicles can travel are impassable to them.

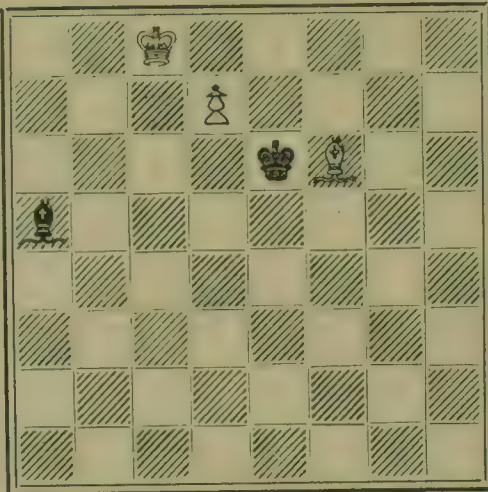
CHESS.

CONDUCTED BY ERNEST IRVING.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Letters intended for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, I.L.N., Inveresk House, 346, Strand, W.C.2.

GAME PROBLEM No. LXII.

BLACK (2 pieces).



WHITE (3 pieces).

[In Forsyth Notation: 2K5; 3P4; 4kB2; b7; 8; 8; 8; 8.]
White to play and win.

We were amused to see the above position in "Chess Nuts" (A. Firth), as it actually occurred in a game played by us in the Referee championship. The winning method was eventually spotted after a few false moves, and we wonder how many readers will make the correct move at the first attempt.

SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM No. LX.

[2tr4; 4Qp1p; 2p1Rp2; 5k2; PP3P2; 6R1; 6PK; q7—White to play and mate in four moves.]

Mr. McKee played 1. R×Pch, Q×R; 2. RKt5ch!, Q×R; 3. QK5ch, KKt3; 4. Q×Q mate.

Black might have played 2. — K×P; when follows, 3. RKt4ch, KB4; 4. QK4 mate! Several solvers miss this second variation, making White take the Q, allowing the Black King to escape.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P J WOOD (Wakefield) and many other correspondents.—We are very sorry that, owing to tremendous pressure of work, the Chess Column has been irregular of late. We hope that in future it will appear as usual.

CHARLES WILLING (Philadelphia), R SALEM (Bologna), and J WILLIAMS (Neath).—Many thanks for the games.

R TEASDALE (Cardiff).—We will examine your suggestion for Game Problem No. LIX., and if you are correct will acknowledge in this column.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 4082 from J M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 4084 from A Huggins (Bloemfontein), H Burgess (St. Leonards), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), G H Dawsey (Sunderland), J W Smedley (Oldham), J M K Lupton (Richmond), H Richards (Hove), Julio Mond (Seville), F Ribiero (Shanghai), and George Parbury (Singapore); of No. 4085 from Commander T L S Garrett (Jesmond), J W Smedley (Oldham), E Pinkney (Driffield), J M K Lupton (Richmond), H Richards (Hove), H Burgess (St. Leonards), and John Pritchard (New Southgate); of No. 4086 from H Richards (Hove), J M K Lupton (Richmond), J Clifford (Golders Green), E Pinkney (Driffield), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), Leonard Bassett (Llanbradach), P J Wood (Wakefield), M E Jowett (Grange-over-Sands), Julio Mond (Seville), E Pinkney (Driffield), A Huggins (Bloemfontein) and R B Cooke (Portland, Me.); of No. 4087 from Julio Mond (Seville), Arthur White (High Wycombe), P J Wood (Wakefield), Leonard Bassett (Llanbradach), H Richards (Hove), and J H Clifford (Golders Green).

CORRECT SOLUTION OF GAME PROBLEM LVIII. from E Pinkney (Driffield); of LIX. from H Richards (Hove) and E G S Churchill (Blockley); of LX. from Julio Mond (Seville) (partly correct), J W Smedley (Oldham), J Barry-Brown (Naas), and E Pinkney (Driffield) (partly correct), R S Melrose (50%) and H Richards (Hove) (100%); and of LXI. from J Barry-Brown (Naas), H Richards (Hove), A Huggins (Bloemfontein), F N Braund (Ware), Julio Mond (Seville), J H Clifford (Golders Green), E Pinkney (Driffield), David Hamblen (Newton, Mass.), M Heath (London), and J Kahn (London).

THE INTERNATIONAL TEAM TOURNAMENT.

This interesting contest takes place this year at Prague, and there are twenty-two entries—Poland, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Norway, Latvia, Hungary, Finland, Estonia, Jugo-Slavia, Roumania, Spain, Sweden, Italy, Holland, Denmark, France, Belgium, Lithuania, United States, Czecho-Slovakia, and Great Britain. Poland has a formidable team, headed by Rubinstein and Tartakower, and Austria and the U.S.A. look strong; but the British contingent should give a good account of themselves, as under the leadership of Sir George Thomas will fight Mir Sultan Khan, F. D. Yates, W. Winter, and V. L. Waight, all warriors of master strength. Mrs. R. H. S. Stevenson will represent us in the Women's World Championship, with Miss Menchik (Czecho-Slovakia) as her most dangerous rival. We appeal to any readers of the I.L.N. who are interested in the chances of Britain to send donations for the special fund to Mr. Leonard P. Rees, St. Aubyn's, Redhill, Surrey.

GALERIES LAFAYETTE LTD

188 · 196, REGENT STREET · LONDON W.1.

from Monday 29th June

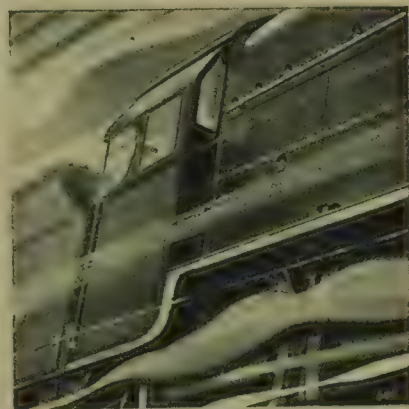
great summer sale

DRASTIC REDUCTIONS

(NO SALE CATALOGUE)

Tel.: Regent 6740.

As you go
NORTH
your spirits
rise . . .



The first thing you want about a holiday place is that it makes you feel you want to go everywhere and do everything. Scotland is like that. As soon as the train crosses the Border you begin to feel more vigorous and by the time you get to the Highlands you're not only in the most beautiful and romantic region in Europe but also in the best mood to enjoy it.

Scotland is the best place in the world to spend a holiday and the journey over the wild moorland of Shap and through the romantic Border country is a fine introduction to it.

Take your holiday in Scotland this year. There are circular tours that show you the finest parts of the country. Holiday Contract Tickets that let you travel where you will. Holiday Return Tickets that take you there and back cheaply and in luxury. Read about them. The more you read the more you will want to go.


SUMMER EXCURSIONS. This year Holiday Return Tickets with generous concessions far in advance of anything previously offered are available for your holiday. Get a copy of "LMS Cheap Fares" from any LMS Station or Town Office, or direct from Divisional Passenger Commercial Superintendent, Euston Station, N.W.1.

Tourist Tickets—May to October. Cheap Week-End Tickets throughout the Year

LMS

STAY AT LMS HOTELS

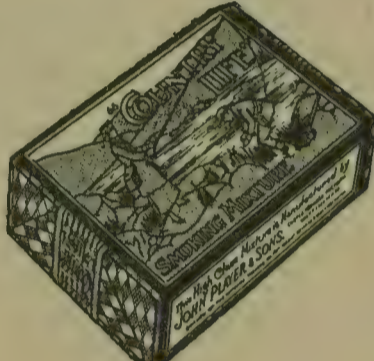
LONDON MIDLAND AND SCOTTISH RAILWAY



66 Player's Country Life

SMOKING MIXTURE

1'0¹/₂ per oz.
and 2 oz. pocket tins
at **2'1^p**



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd. C.L.3

SCOTLAND

for scenery, history & romance

ABERDEEN—The Silver City by the Sea. Bracing air. Fine sands. Golf. Tennis. Bowling, etc. Pleasure Gardens. Near Royal Highlands.
Town Clerk, Dep. QB.

BANFF—Sunny resort on Moray Firth. Dry and Bracing. Charming coast and country. Golf. Tennis. Boating. Bowling. Bathing. Excellent fishing.
Town Clerk, Dep. QX.

CARNOUSTIE—Popular resort on the Angus Coast. Bracing climate. Fine sandy beach. Bathing. Extensive golf links. Putting. Bowling. Tennis. Pierrots.
Town Clerk, Dep. QE.

CRAIL—Quaint old Fifeshire town. Nice sandy coast. Recommended by Medical Faculty. Golf. Tennis. Putting. Bowling. Fishing. Good Bathing.
Town Clerk, Dep. QH.

DUNFERMLINE—Scotia's ancient Capital. Abbey and Palace ruins. Beautiful flower gardens. Pittencrieff Glen. Golf. Tennis. Putting.
Town Clerk, Dep. QG.

ELIE and **EARLSFERRY**, on the golden coast of Fifeshire. Fine clean sands. Bracing air. Low rainfall. Safe bathing. Two golf courses. Tennis. Fishing.
Town Clerk, Dep. QI.

GALASHIELS—Centre for Scott country. Picturesque woodland and river scenery. Invigorating air. Splendid fishing. Golf. Tennis, etc. Swimming pond.
Town Clerk, Dep. QK.

ISLE OF SKYE for enjoyable change. Equable climate. Rugged mountains. Enchanting sea lochs. Historic legends. Fishing. Golf.
Holiday Agency, Dep. QN, Portree.

LEVEN—Bracing East Coast resort on Fifeshire's sunny shores. Putting. Bathing. Fishing. Pierrots. Excellent Golf. Tennis, etc. Charming walks.
Sec., Dep. QO, Advertising Committee.

LOSSIEMOUTH Beautiful sandy beach. Invigorating climate. Plentiful sunshine. Three golf courses. Tennis. Bowls. Boating. Bathing.
Town Clerk, Dep. QP.

MELROSE—In Scottish Borderland. for a quiet, holiday 'mid beautiful surroundings. Golf. Tennis. Fishing. Bowling. Abbey ruins.
Town Clerk, Dep. Q4.

NORTH BERWICK—A natural beauty spot. Exhilarating climate. Three golf courses. Good tennis. Bathing. Fine sandy beach. Bowls, etc.
Town Clerk, Dep. QY.


PERTH for Highlands. Beautiful surroundings. Public parks. Golf. Tennis. Bowls, etc. Free fishing. Historical associations include Huntingtower Castle.
Town Clerk, Dep. QS.

ST. ANDREWS Golfers' Paradise. Sunny and dry. 4 Golf and 5 Putting courses. Tennis. Bathing. Interesting castle. Entertainments.
Town Clerk, Dep. QA.

STIRLING Picturesquely situated. Charming countryside. Old Castle with historical associations. All recreations. Convenient tourist centre.
Town Clerk, Dep. Q5.

Descriptive literature may be had from addresses shown, or from L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices. For particulars of Tourist Excursion and Week-end tickets, inquire at L.N.E.R. Inquiry Offices & Stations.

TRAVEL L.N.E.R. TO SCOTLAND



"DENNY'S"

The engaging little Dragon, whose adventures have become so familiar to readers of THE SKETCH, can now be obtained as a Car Mascot.

Four inches high as he squats alertly on his pedestal, Dennys is bound to bring luck to every driver from whose radiator-cap he keeps so vigilant a look-out.

Price **£1.1.0** silver-plated (by inland post, 1/- extra).

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

A ROYAL YACHT RACE



A FINE PRINT IN COLOURS AFTER THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY
WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE THE YOUNGER,

formerly published in "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," has now been issued by THE SPORTING GALLERY.

The picture shows King Charles II. at the helm of his yacht "Cleveland," racing against his brother, the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), in "Henrietta," off Sheerness.

The print is issued in a single edition, limited to 100 copies, at the price of **£1.1.0** each. Each print is issued in an overlay mount, ready for immediate framing. Size of printed surface approximately 18 inches by 12 inches.

ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED STRICTLY IN ROTATION

To be obtained from all Printers and by post (Inland Registered Postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, King Street, Covent Garden, LONDON, W.C.2

A NEW ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

A BRAND-NEW opera is a real novelty at Covent Garden, and "Fedra," by Romano Romani, performed for the first time last week, is the only new opera by a living composer which has had the honour of a first performance in London this season. It is not a full-length opera, but consists of two scenes only, so that it was preceded on the bill by Puccini's delightful one-act comic opera, "Gianni Schicchi." Signor Romani's "Fedra" is accordingly, in the modern fashion, which tends to abbreviation. The score is also modern and shows strongly the influence of the post-Wagnerian era, particularly of the Richard Strauss of "Elektra" and "Salome." The subject-matter and general style of treatment show also an affinity with these works. It is the classical story of Fedra, wife of the King Teseo of Athens, in love with Ippolito, Teseo's son by a former wife, who will have nothing to do with her.

Euripides treated this theme in his famous "Hippolytus," and in his hands it is one of the finest of the Greek dramas. In fact, it is a drama that would have made a perfect libretto for an opera by Gluck, and one can only regret that Gluck never treated this theme to which his noble and simpler genius was so admirably suited. In Euripides, Hippolytus is a worshipper of the virgin goddess, Artemis, and his ultimate destruction is due to the revenge of Venus; but in the "Fedra" of Signor Romani there

is another woman, Carila, the daughter of the Muse, whom Ippolito loves; and one could not help feeling all one's sympathies with the scorned Fedra, because the composer has given her a certain vitality which the poor Carila does not possess musically or dramatically.

The opera made an effect owing chiefly to the splendid performance by Rosa Ponselle as Fedra.

no subtlety, no lyrical beauty or expressiveness, and dramatically it consists of only one situation, which is too crude to be moving. Tullio Serafin conducted admirably, and Cortis (Ippolito), Formichi (Teseo), and Strella Wilson (Carila) all sang their nondescript music bravely.

Puccini's great talent showed up well in "Tosca," which was revived at Covent Garden on the previous night. The bloodthirsty theme of "Tosca" is not an attractive one, but Puccini's lyrical and dramatic power is undeniable, and "Tosca" is a work of genius compared with "Fedra." The performance was a thrilling one, with Mariano Stabile a most sinister and terrifying Scarpia; Pertile a fine, vigorous Cavaradossi; and Iva Pacetti an excellent Floria. Such a work as "Tosca" is the very antithesis of "Gianni Schicchi," and the range of Puccini's talent is perfectly shown in these two works. "Gianni Schicchi" is a little masterpiece, and may well outlive more pretentious works. It was vigorously done under John Barbirolli, and the performance of Badini as Schicchi deserves a word of special

praise. It is curious how much more beautiful the Italian language sounds when sung by Italians than when sung by singers of other nationalities, who tend to make it always too sweet. Badini's articulation is exceptionally clear, and his last spoken words at the finale were an example of perfect elocution, gratifying in a singer of such great powers.

W. J. TURNER.



DESIGNED TO ENABLE TRAVELLERS TO REACH ALEXANDRIA IN 90 HOURS FROM LONDON: THE NEW LLOYD-TRIESTINO MOTOR-VESSEL, "VICTORIA," WHICH IS TO BEGIN HER MAIDEN VOYAGE FROM TRIESTE TO-DAY, JUNE 27.

She looked magnificent; she wore the most gorgeous apparel and acted and sang superbly—in fact, did all that a *diva* of the first rank could to put Signor Romani's opera across the auditorium. But there is hardly the stuff of endurance in this work. Its music is clever, resourceful, and competent, and the composer can work up an effective climax and sustain the action; but there is no musical characterisation,

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body.

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done, and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored-up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache, and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both

the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a table-spoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour, and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder, and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

ESTABLISHED OVER 50 YEARS

Cuticura Soap

Protects Your Skin!

Cuticura Soap not only cleanses the skin, but it is antiseptic and healing as well. It has medicinal properties which are most beneficial to the skin—its fragrance is delightful. Try it today, and note its invigorating!

Soap 1s. Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. Shaving Stick 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists. British Depot: F. Newbery Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E.C. 1. Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

THE
STANDARD OF
EXCELLENCE

Cerebos
SALT

HERALDRY and GENEALOGY

CULLETON'S HERALDIC OFFICE, LTD., of 2, King Street, St. James's, S.W. 1, specialise in the tracing of pedigrees, in Heraldic work of every description and in designs for all purposes.



ENJOY YOUR LEISURE
HOURS AFLOAT
IN YOUR OWN LITTLE VESSEL.

KELVIN COMPLETE MOTOR LAUNCHES obtainable from stock in great variety. 35 standard models in range.

KELVIN MARINE ENGINES suit all manner of craft, from the 15-ft. runabout to the 400-ton auxiliary sailing yacht.

OVER 250,000 H.P. IN SERVICE.

Catalogues and full details from—

THE BERGIUS COMPANY LTD.

Dobbie's Loan - Glasgow

TELEGRAMS: "BERGIUS" GLASGOW.

STAMPS Fine Selection of the Rare Stamps of all countries sent on approval, at 9d. in the 1/- discount off catalogue prices. G. C. Waitt, "The Outspan," Whitstable, Kent.

FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBN. 1908: GOLD MEDAL

Try this
chocolate covered
Fruit Lozenge

FOR
CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

**TAMAR
INDIEN
GRILLON**

Sold by all Chemists and Druggists 3/- per box
67 SOUTHWARK BRIDGE RD., LONDON, S.E.1

Laugh as you read
**"ONE AT
A TIME"**

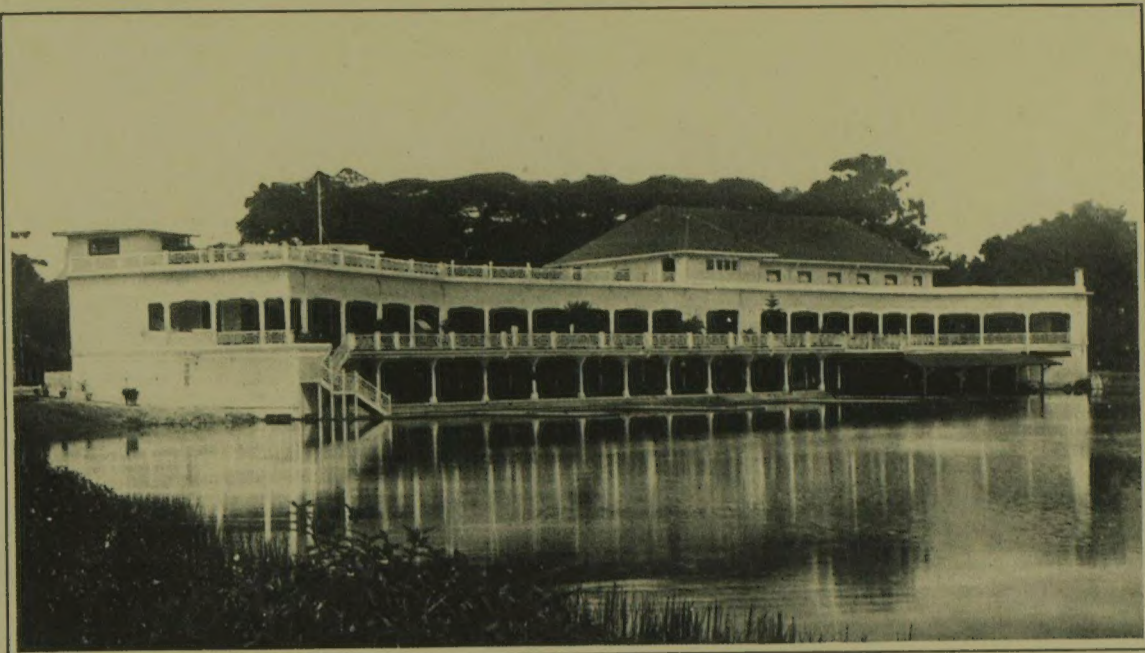
By R. S. HOOPER

("Simple Simon")

Author of "And the Next"

**THE FUNNIEST BOOK
OF THE YEAR**

John Lane The Bodley Head,
6s. net.



WHEREVER TIMBER IS USED—SOLIGNUM PROTECTS IT

In temperate climates, where dry rot and decay play havoc with unprotected timber—in the tropics where the white ant is an even speedier agent of destruction, Solignum is specified by Governments, Municipalities, Railways and Building Contractors. In addition to its unequalled value as a preservative Solignum is an attractive stain for wood. The Red, Brown, Blue, Green, Yellow and other shades in which Solignum is made enable it to take the place of paint for decorative work, both inside and outside, at an enormous saving in initial cost and upkeep.

Write for particulars and name of nearest stockist to

Sole Makers and Proprietors:—

SOLIGNUM LIMITED, 205 BOROUGH HIGH STREET, LONDON, S.E.1

BURMA

When the Rangoon Boat Club constructed their imposing headquarters by the side of cool placid waters, their foresight and business acumen demanded that all timber used in its construction should be treated with Solignum so that it should be protected against the ravages of rot and decay and the depredations of the ever present White Ant.

SOLIGNUM

The WOOD PRESERVATIVE

For your convenience post the
Coupon below.

NAME
ADDRESS

Let the "GREAT EIGHT" Help You when You Go to Paris and Berlin.

AT the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE GRAPHIC," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 211, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of all the "GREAT EIGHT" publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium and Germany are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed (regarding French and Belgian business) at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 211, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.

For Switzerland and Italy our Advertisement Agents are the Agence Havas, who should be addressed at 8, Rue de la Rôtisserie, Geneva, Switzerland.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BANDITS," AT THE GARRICK.

THE scene is Guatemala. An English financier, accompanied by his son and daughter, arrives to inspect his oil concessions. He hears fearsome accounts of a bloodthirsty bandit who roams the mountains, monarch of all he surveys, threatening destruction to the oil-wells. He presently appears in the person of Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry. He is wearing the gala outfit of the ice-cream makers' union, and the sight of him brings fear to the heart of the financier and joy to his daughter. For it turns out that Roberto (such being his name) had been to Cambridge in his youth, and had once danced the Tango with the heroine. Neither Roberto nor Iris had ever forgotten that wonderful night in May, when they had kissed as only a budding bandit and a financier's daughter can. To see him again was to love him more than ever, and from that moment Iris forgot her duty to her father and ranged herself on the bandit's side. Roberto, in the interests of his countrymen, simple tillers of soil, was desirous of blowing up the oil-wells to prevent the scourge of progress from invading Guatemala. The financier, not unnaturally, in the interests of his shareholders was opposed to any such scheme. Tempers were roused, revolvers were unholstered, several of the small-part actors were shot, and the heroine clamoured to be left as a hostage in the arms of the bandit. But he, as became a Cambridge man, refused her offer and sent her back to England, there to await the moment when he could afford to abandon banditry for married life. Mr. Dennis Neilson-Terry played the bandit, Miss Vera Lennox the heroine, and Mr. Ben Welden was amusing as an American adventurer.

"LOVERS' MEETING," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

It would have been too much to have expected this to have been another "Journey's End," and so, on the first night, few were disappointed to find it less fine a tribute to the women ambulance-drivers in France than they deserved. The play loses grip for the reason that the centre of interest is continually shifting from one character to another. All the characters, too, are unduly verbose, and the author

must surely be mistaken in thinking that the sole topic of conversation among women was the other sex. The first act centres mainly on a character who is never seen again—Joyce Cottell, who is discharged with ignominy on account of her amorous escapades. Miss Marjory Clark played this rôle admirably, her final appeal to be permitted to go up the line with her comrades being really moving. There is an amusing scene at the casualty clearing-station, though it is doubtful if dog-weary women who had been driving all day, and had even more strenuous work to look forward to on the morrow, would have sat up in bed vivaciously discussing their husbands and sweethearts. The final scene would have been twice as effective had the dialogue been less fatally fluent. A wounded officer staggers into the clearing-station and recognises the two women as his wife and sweetheart. They both kneel by his side to soothe his last moments. But the whistle blows them to their post of duty, and they leave him in the hands of a stranger. Very nearly an extraordinarily big scene; but not quite. Miss Kathleen Harrison made a great success in the comic rôle of a Lancashire mill-girl. Miss Marjory Clark was excellent as Joyce Cottell; and Miss Renee Gadd was good as Flip Weston. Miss Margaret Watson had one moment, a death scene, and got every ounce of pathos out of it.

"DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY," AT THE SAVOY.

Apart from its one idea—that suggested by the title—and one performance, Mr. Ernest Milton's, this is a stodgy and poorly-produced play. Yet the one idea is original enough, and Mr. Milton's performance fine enough, in its *macabre* way, to win it some success. Desiring to know something of life, Death takes a holiday for three days in the castle of the Duke of Catolica. During that period, no leaves fall from the trees, no flowers wither, a man jumps from the Eiffel Tower and lives, and even the fighting in Algiers ceases. Death amuses himself by making love to three of the guests. Two of them respond to his responses ardently enough, until they dimly perceive into whose face they are looking, when they turn from him in terror. But the third, very charmingly and naturally played by Miss Celia Johnson, learns his identity unmoved, and departs with him to those

chill realms where lovers exist but as a white light, communicating with each other only by thought. Some of the humorous references to "meeting Death" were cheap, and much of the dialogue was without distinction, but here and there were flashes of poetry. The casting was not very exciting, although Miss Rosalinde Fuller and Mr. Fred Culley, in addition to the two already mentioned, gave good performances. But it is on Mr. Milton's performance that this play will succeed or fail.

By a slip, in our last issue the photographs "Marooned Penguins" and "An Ice Carcassonne" were said to have been taken by Sir Douglas Mawson's Antarctic Expedition in the *Discovery*. In fact, they are by the Royal Research ship, *Discovery II*, which returned recently from a scientific investigation on behalf of the Colonial Office. Obviously, the slip was caused by the similarity of the ships' names.

One of the outstanding forthcoming events is the Fête that is to be held in aid of the Jubilee Celebration of the Waifs and Strays Society on July 1, in the beautiful gardens of Knole, Sevenoaks, which have been lent for the occasion by the Lord and Lady Sackville. The Fête is to be opened by her Royal Highness Princess Arthur of Connaught at 2.30 p.m., and during the afternoon two performances will be given of scenes from "King Henry VIII." in the famous stone Court, at 3.30 and 6.30 p.m. Amongst those taking part are Messrs. C. H. P. Hay, Rupert Harvey, the Hon. Denys Buckley, the Hon. Stephen Powys, Major Clarke Jervoise, Lady Susan Birch, and Miss Mavis Waydelin, who is taking the part of Anne Bullen. Lady George Cholmondeley is arranging the dances in which Lady Diana Wellesley, Mrs. Bartlett, the Hon. Eileen Brougham, and many others will appear. The cast consists of some 150 performers, and the scenes are being produced under the personal and able direction of Mr. B. A. Pittar, the well-known producer. We are told that there is a great demand for seats, and those who wish to avail themselves of this unique opportunity of seeing the scenes in their natural surroundings should apply as soon as possible to Major L. H. Branson, the Honorary Organiser, Knole, Sevenoaks.

En route to Canada
you'll enjoy
British Consols
Cigarettes

Mild, Sweet, Old Virginia

The Largest Independent
Brand in America

MACDONALD'S CIGARETTES & TOBACCO, MONTREAL, CANADA



LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY LIMITED.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.

10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C. 4

Founded 1851.

Research Institute built 1910

**The
Cancer Hospital**
(FREE)
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON.

AN URGENT APPEAL
IS MADE FOR

£150,000

AND ALSO FOR RADIUM.

Bankers—COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand, W.C.

for a new Radiological
Block and other extensions,
which will add 80 beds
to the Hospital.

Secretary: J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.

POSTCARDS OF THE TUTANKHAMEN TREASURES.

REAL PHOTOGRAPHIC PRINTS.

These remarkable reproductions of the Treasures from Tutankhamen's Tomb may now be purchased in packets of twelve cards. Packet number one contains the following pictures:—

1. Entrance of Valley of the Kings.
2. The Valley of the Kings.
3. Entrance to Tomb.
4. The Passage to Antechamber.
5. The Objects in Antechamber.
6. The Objects in Antechamber.
7. The Objects in Antechamber.
8. The Goddess Selkit on Sarcophagus.
9. The King's Outer Coffin in Sarcophagus.
10. The Second Coffin.
11. The Gold Coffin.
12. Detail of Head of Gold Coffin.

PRICE

Packet of Twelve Subjects **3/-** Postage Extra.
(Inland Post 1½d. Colonial 2½d. Foreign 4d.)

Five packets numbered 1—5, each containing twelve different Real Photographic Postcards, making a complete set of sixty Subjects, 15/- plus postage. Inland 3½d. Colonial 9½d. Foreign 1½d.

These sets of Tutankhamen Postcards may be obtained by forwarding application, with remittance, to The Publisher, "The Illustrated London News," 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, or they may be ordered from Messrs. W. H. Smith & Sons, Ltd., at their branch establishments.

HOLLAND

IS SO DIFFERENT



Fascinating Costumes, Enchanting Landscapes, Old-World Towns and Villages, Art Galleries Museums and yet Modern Seaside Resorts, Golf, Tennis and other Sport

REDUCED FARE TICKETS
VIA FLUSHING from LONDON
LIVERPOOL STREET STATION

Full particulars from Continental Traffic Manager, L.N.E.R., Liverpool Street Station, London, E.C.2, or Hull; 71, Regent Street, and 59, Piccadilly, London, W.1; Wm. H. Müller & Co. (London), Ltd., 66, Haymarket, S.W.1, and 78, Moorgate, E.C.2; L.N.E.R. Stations, Offices and Tourist Agencies.

FLUSHING
Zeeland Day Line

THE HOOK
L.N.E.R. Night Route

VIA HARWICH

Let Carr's Chocolate Biscuits Entertain Your Guests



Chocolate biscuits are always appreciated. For quality and attractiveness choose...

CARR'S
CHOCOLATE GONDOLA
ASSORTED
(Milk Chocolate)



CARR'S of CARLISLE



TURNSTILES, TURRET CLOCKS, PUMPS & VALVES
TESTERS, RECORDERS
Tyre Pumps for Large and Private Garages.
As supplied to British Empire Trade Exhibition Buenos Aires, 1931.
Sir W. H. BAILEY & Co. Ltd.
Albion Works, MANCHESTER.

Do you live in INDIA EGYPT, THE SUDAN, UGANDA, KENYA, TANGANYIKA?

*Have you
Friends
There?*

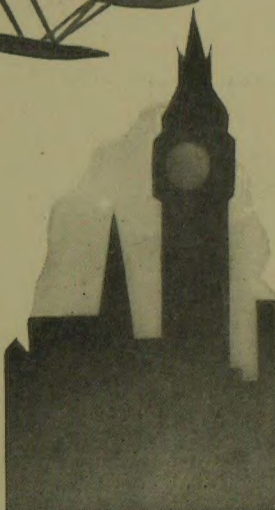
By arrangement with Imperial Airways Limited, Illustrated Newspapers Limited, the proprietors of ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, SKETCH, TATLER, BYSTANDER, SPHERE, GRAPHIC and BRITANNIA & EVE, have established an Air Parcel Bureau by which, under certain conditions, orders entrusted to them by overseas and home readers will be despatched by air to the countries named.



SHOP THROUGH THE GREAT EIGHT AIR PARCEL BUREAU

Under this scheme it is possible for residents in England to send out to their friends on the African and Indian air routes, presents, clothing or other articles which they may need. Small motor car spare parts may also be sent.

A folder describing the scheme, and rates, can be obtained from Imperial Air Stations at Cairo, Assiut, Luxor, Assuan, Halfa, Karcima, Khartoum, Kosti, Malakal, Shambe, Juba, Butiabo, Port Bell, Kisumi and Mwanza, or from the GREAT EIGHT Air Parcel Bureau, Inveresk House, Strand, London, W.C.2.



TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (1931) TO

"THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."
PAID IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) ...	£3 4 0
Six Months ...	1 10 0
Including Christmas Number ...	1 14 0
Three Months ...	0 15 0
Including Christmas Number ...	0 18 10
CANADA.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) ...	£3 1 8
Six Months ...	1 9 3
Including Christmas Number ...	1 12 6
Three Months ...	0 14 8
Including Christmas Number ...	0 17 10
ELSEWHERE ABROAD.	
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number) ...	£3 11 4
Six Months ...	1 13 9
Including Christmas Number ...	1 17 6
Three Months ...	0 17 0
Including Christmas Number ...	1 0 4

Subscriptions must be paid in advance direct to the Publishing Office, Inveresk House, 846, Strand in English money; by cheques crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Inveresk House, 846, Strand, London, W.C.2.

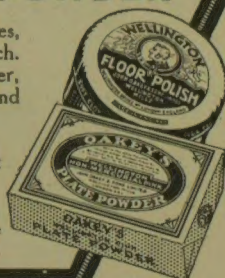
OAKLEY'S WELLINGTON FLOOR POLISH

Unequalled for giving a smooth, shining surface to floors of all descriptions. In tins, 4d., 8d., and 1/6.

OAKLEY'S WELLINGTON PLATE POWDER

Cleans and polishes, without a scratch. Use for all silver, electro-plate, and plate glass.

JOHN OAKLEY & SONS, LTD.,
Wellington Mills,
Westminster Bridge
Road, London, S.E.1.



VAPEX
(REG. TRADE MARK)
INHALANT

**Cures Colds
safely**

Simply put a drop on your handkerchief and breathe the vapour. "Vapex" goes straight to the cause of the trouble—the germs which multiply so rapidly in the dark, warm passages of nose and throat. The sooner "Vapex" is used, the sooner will the cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.55 THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, Ltd.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing Illustrations, Photographs, &c. Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.
10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.4

**The Pick of the Theatres; The Pick of the Films;
All the Best Society Snapshots; The Pick of the
Humorous Artists; The Pick of Short - Story
Writers. Cheery Articles by the Best Authors**

UPON EVERYTHING THAT IS OF INTEREST AT THE MOMENT
 WILL BE PRESENTED BY THIS LITTLE LADY EVERY WEEK

PRICE
ONE SHILLING
Weekly

**The
Sketch**

See our
 New Gardening
 Feature.

PRICE
ONE SHILLING
Weekly

**The
Sketch**

"Art & Actuality"
 sums up her
 Stock-in-Trade.



***Don't wait to buy an odd Number. Have this, the cheeriest of
 all the Weeklies, brought to your door by taking out a Subscription
 either from your nearest Newsagent or from the Publishing Office.***

See what you get for an Annual Subscription : some 2000 pages
 of interesting articles and illustrations, in addition to a gallery
 of OVER 400 PICTURES IN COLOURS.

One Shilling Weekly :

*Yearly Subscription—Inland (including
 Christmas Number), £3 3s. 3d.*

*From all Newsagents, or from the Publishing Office,
 INVERESK HOUSE, 346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.*